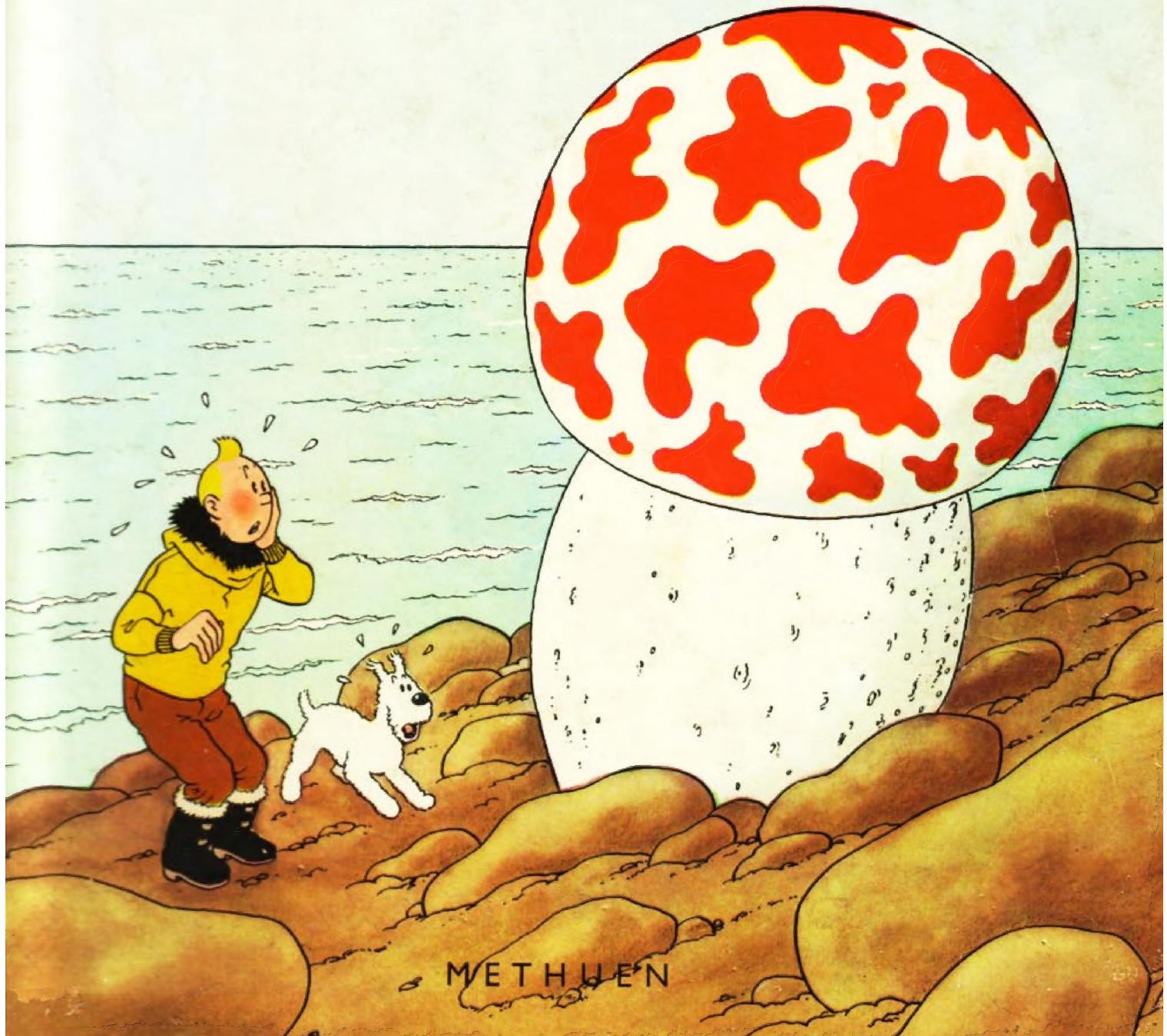


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

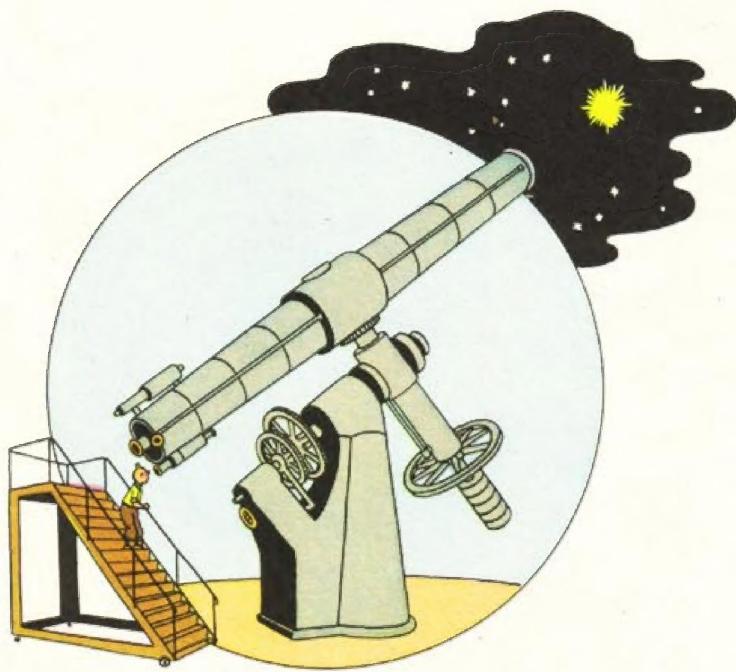
THE SHOOTING STAR



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR



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Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

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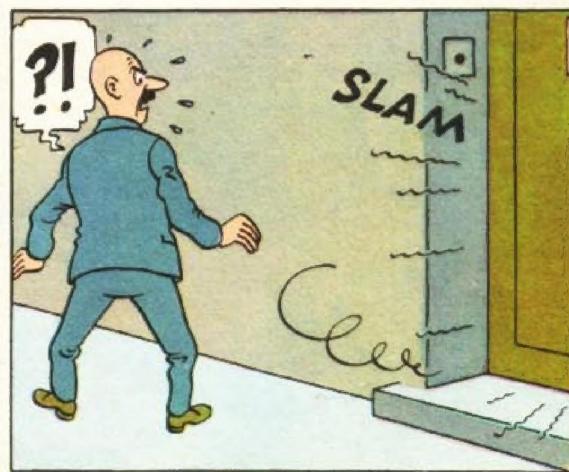
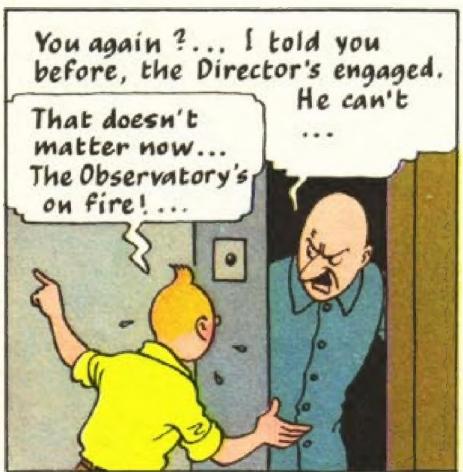
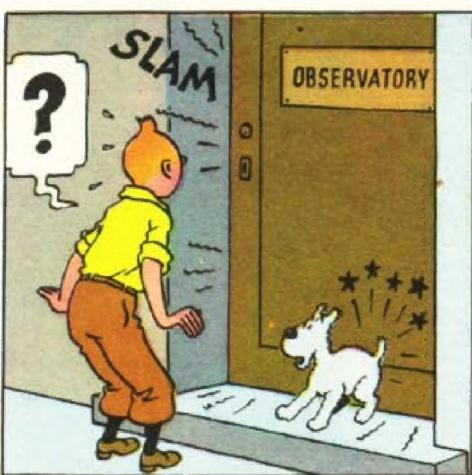
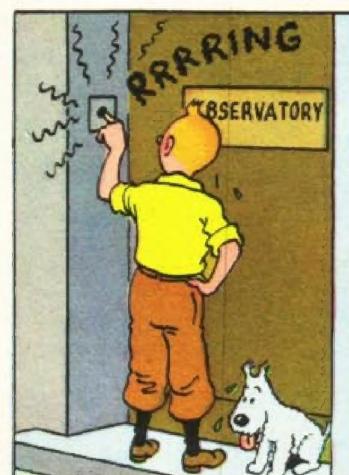
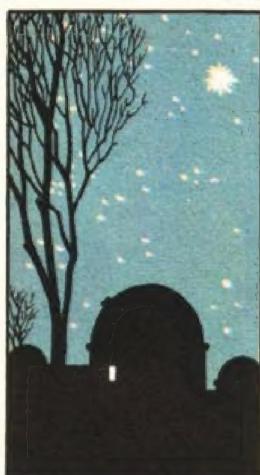
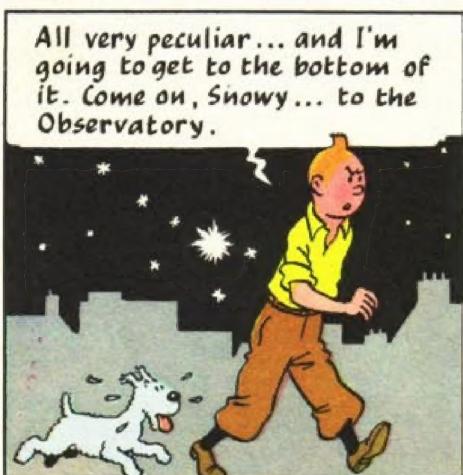
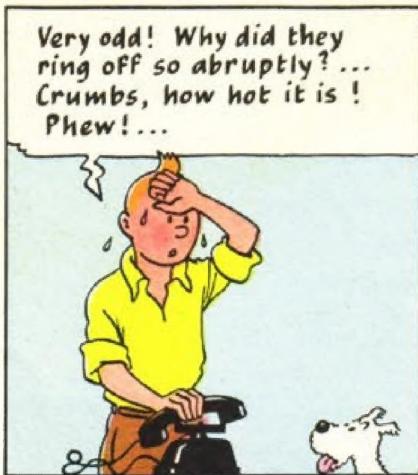
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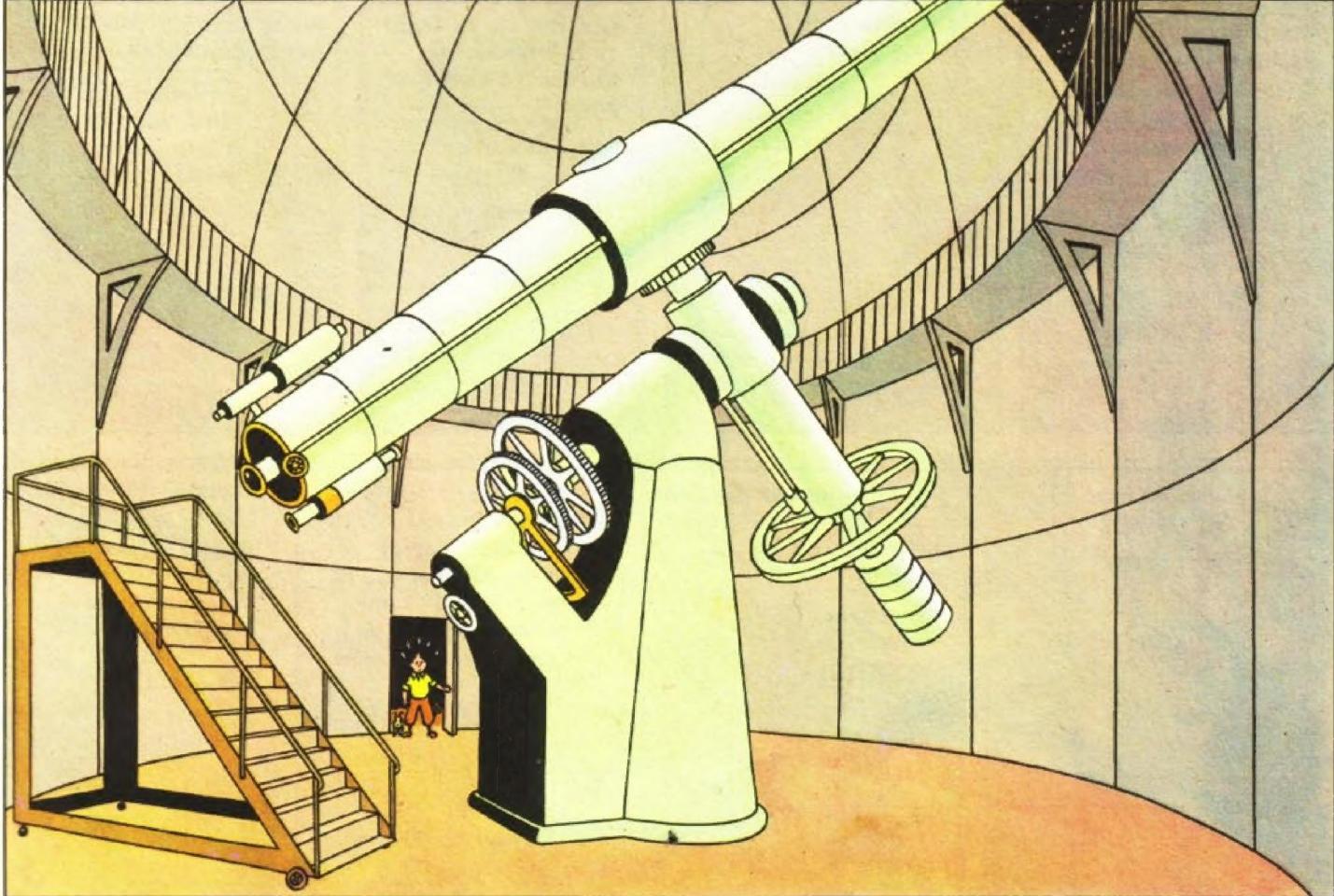
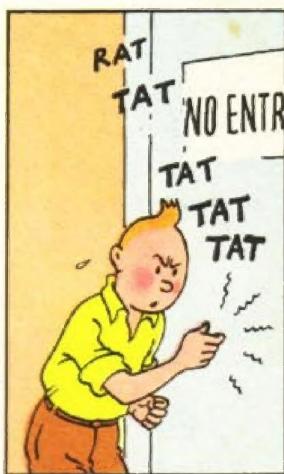
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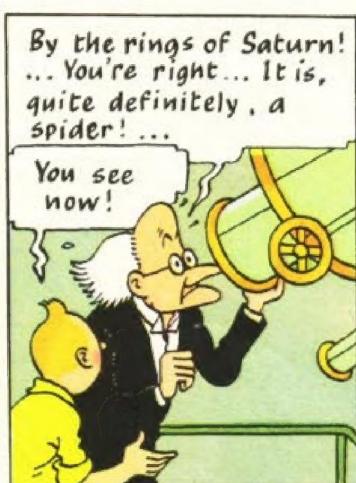
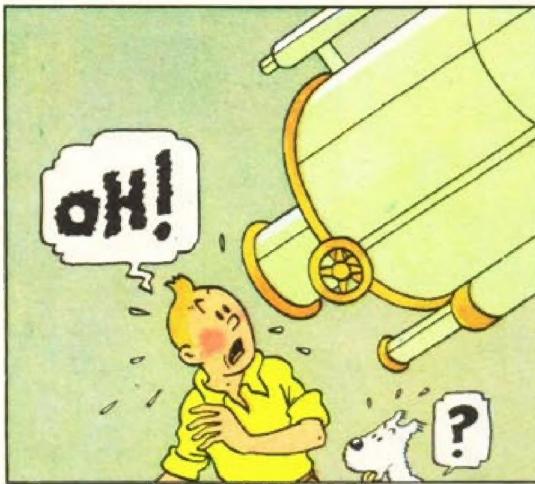
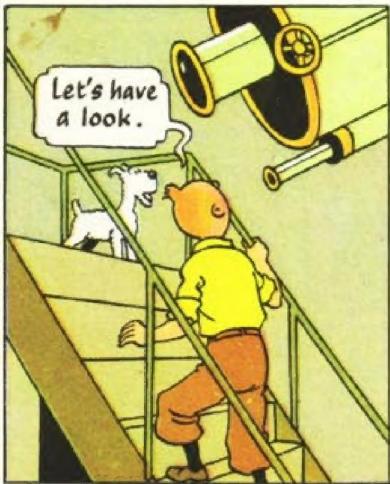
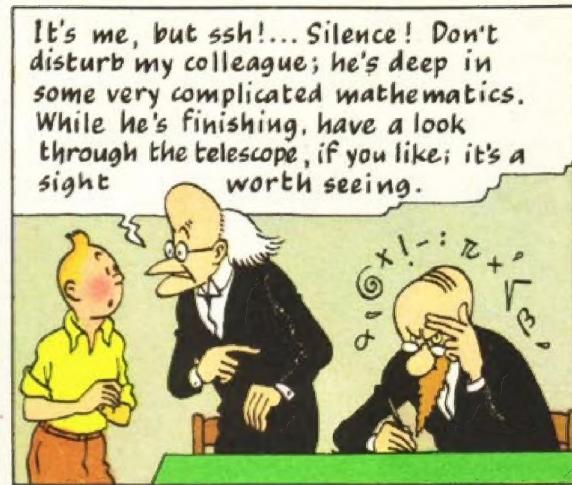
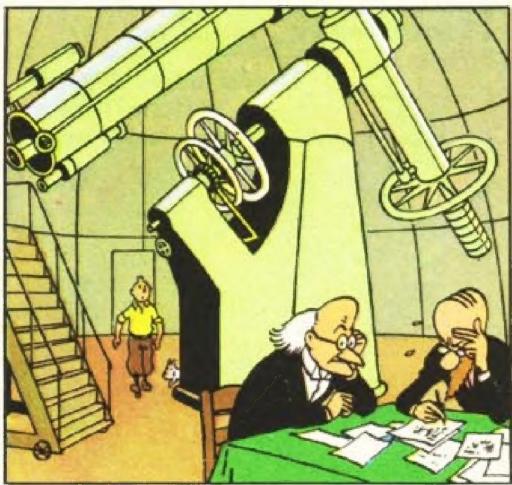
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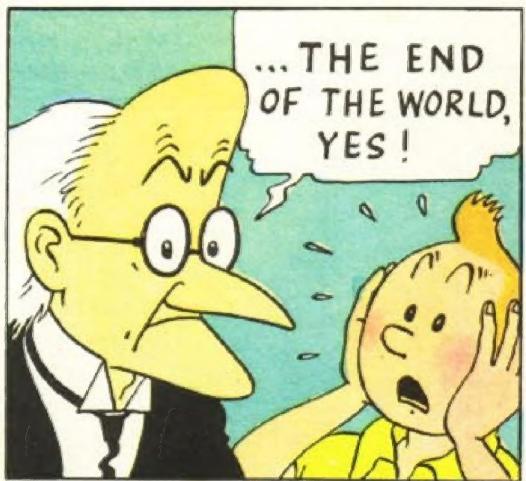
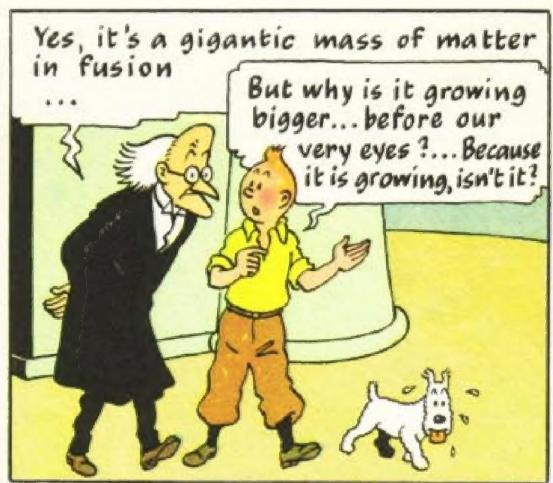
THE SHOOTING STAR











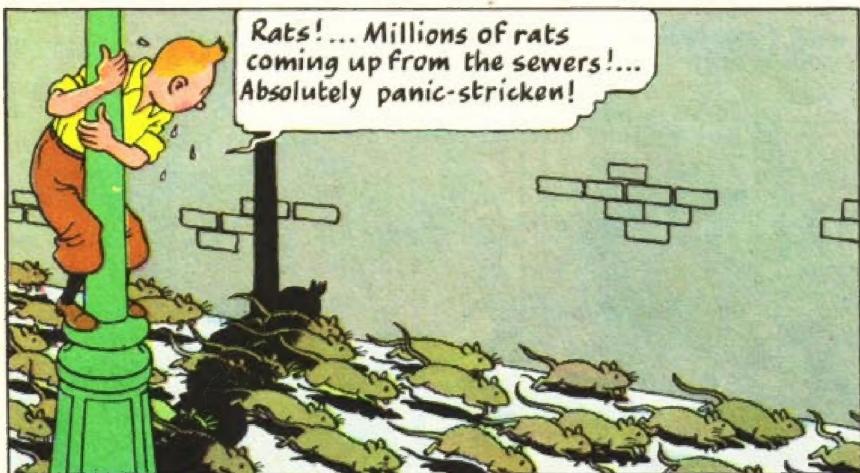
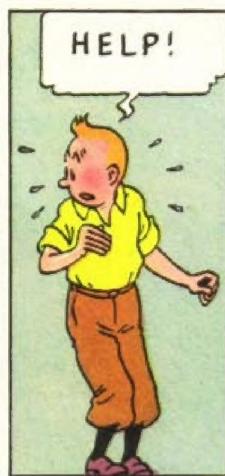
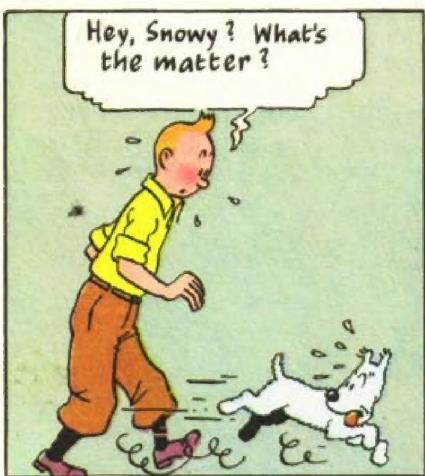
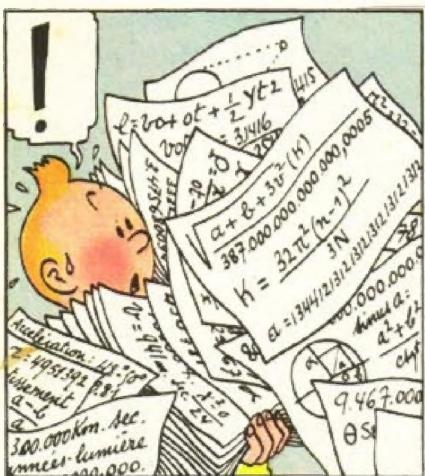
I've finished, sir. Here are the calculations. The collision will take place tomorrow morning at 0812 hours and 30 seconds precisely.

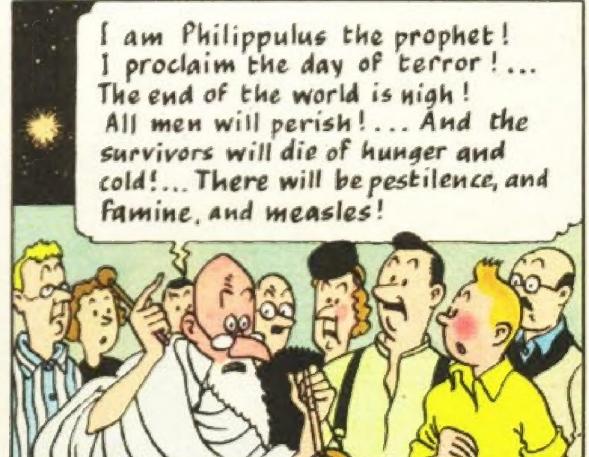
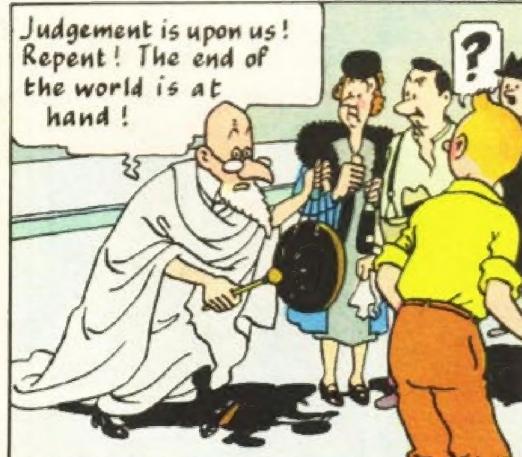
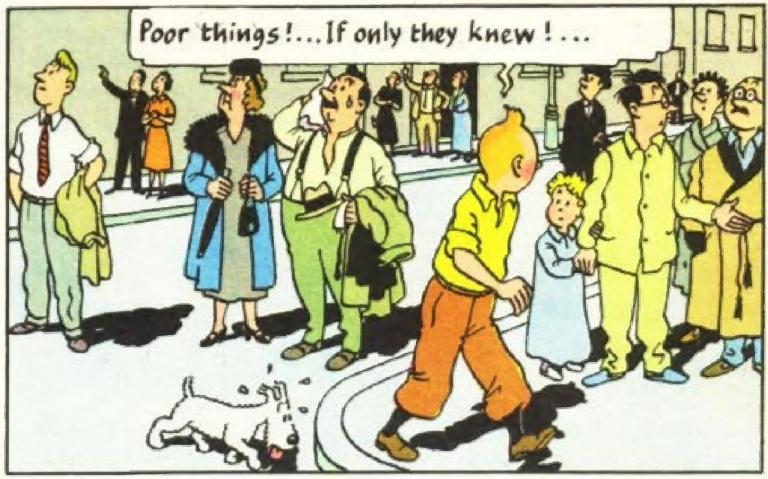
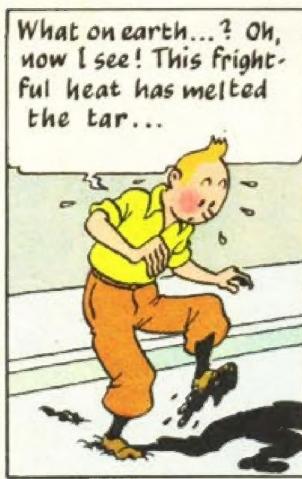
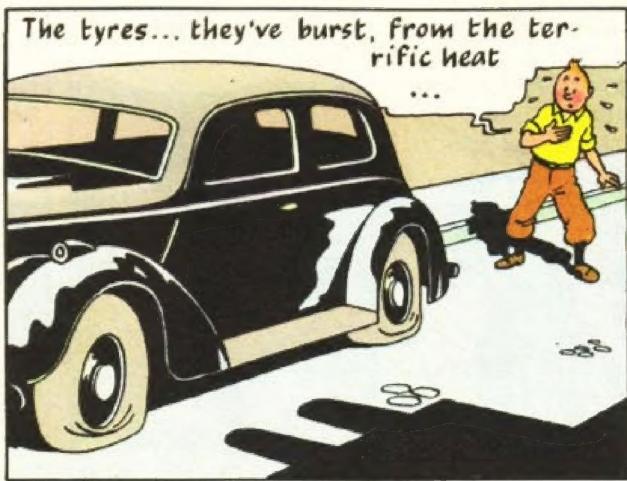
The end of the world ... At 8.12½ a.m. ... That's good...and I, Decimus Phostle, have determined the moment at which the cataclysm will befall us! Tomorrow i shall be famous!

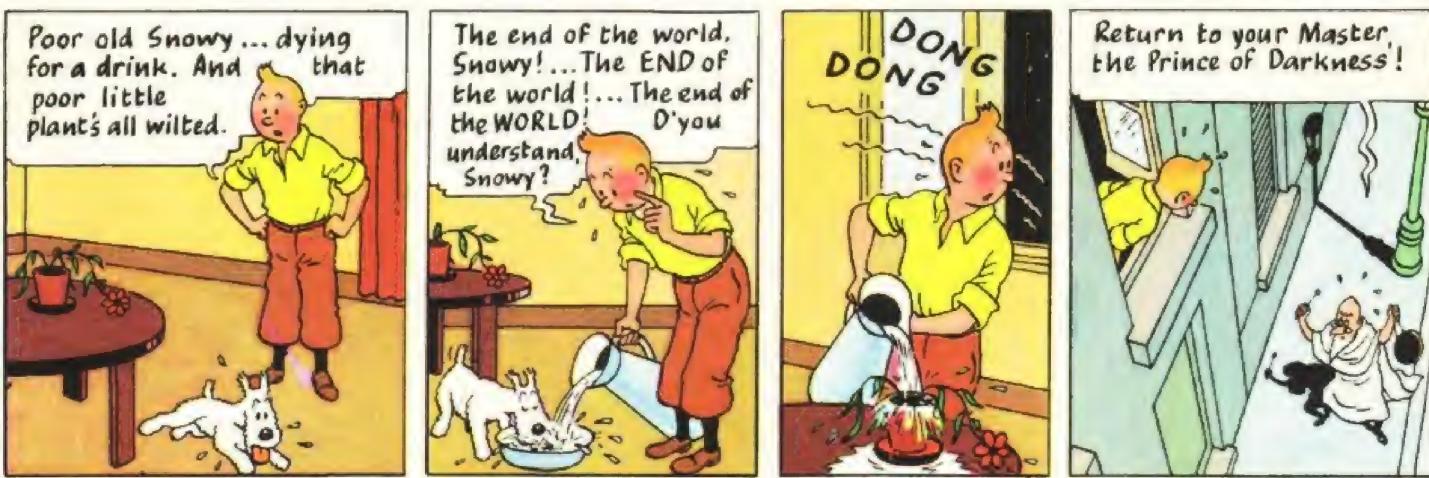
But...It's impossible ... You...I mean... Perhaps you made a mistake in your calculations

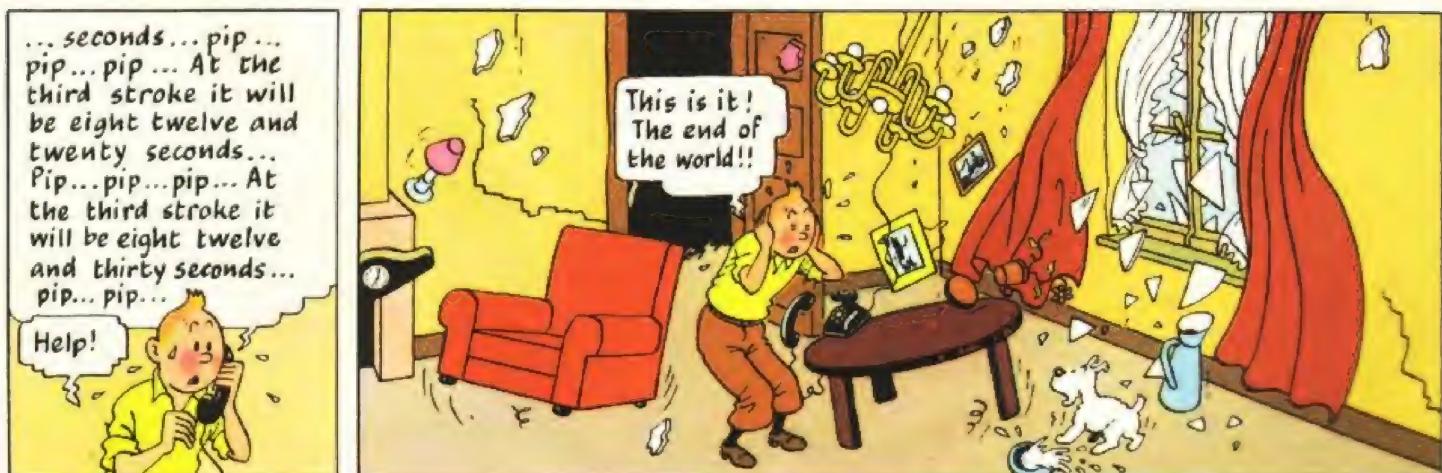
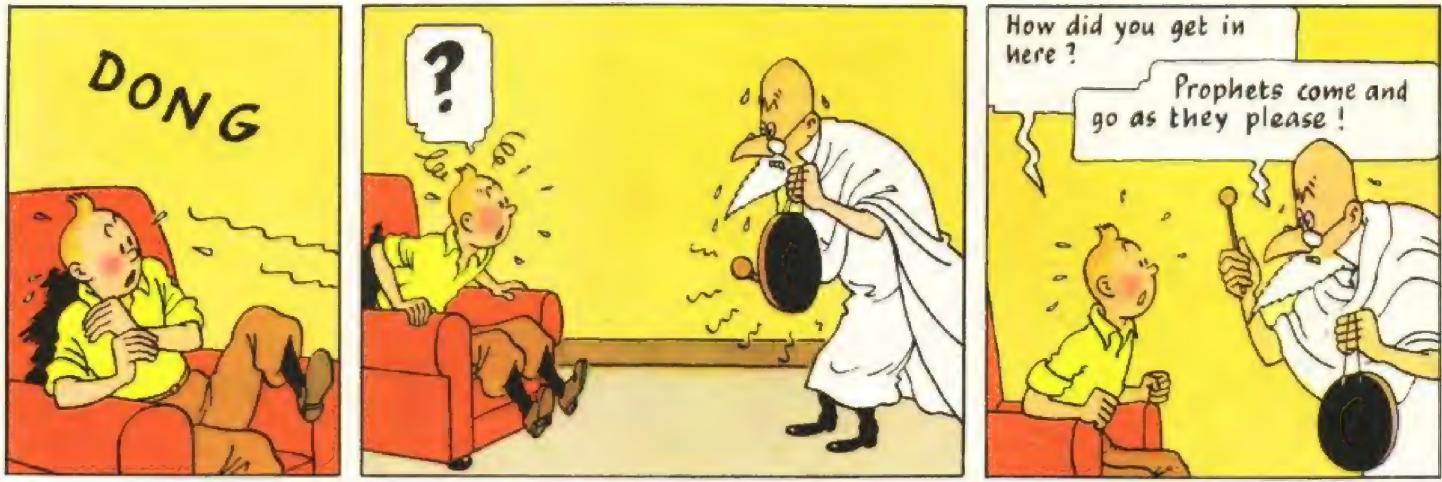
Made a mistake? Us? You presume to...? Very well! Check them!

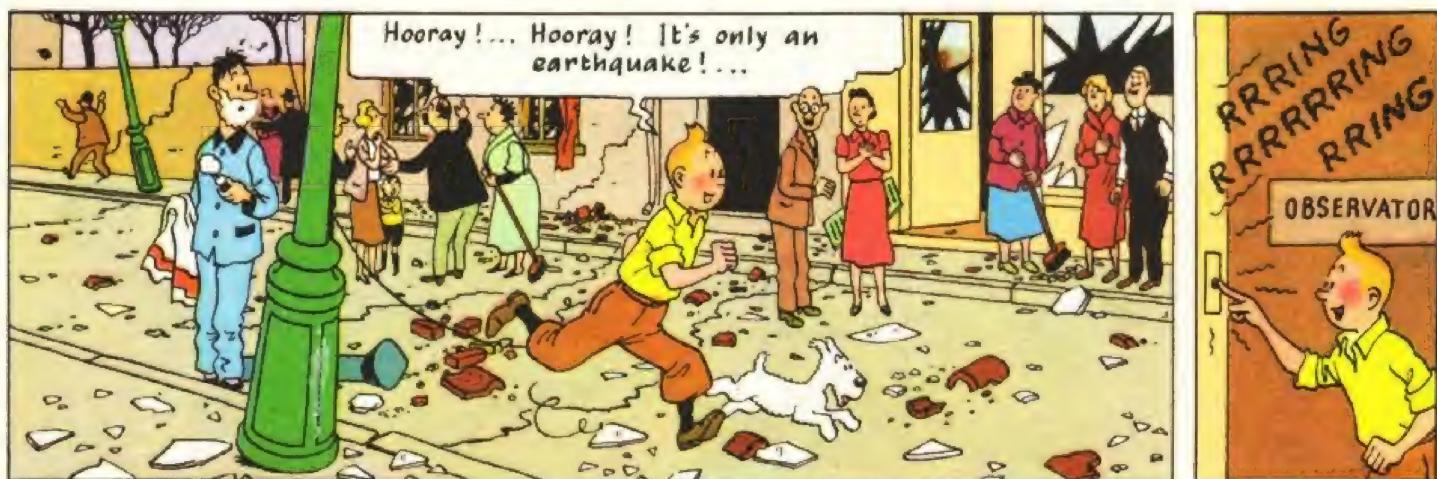
Sir!!!

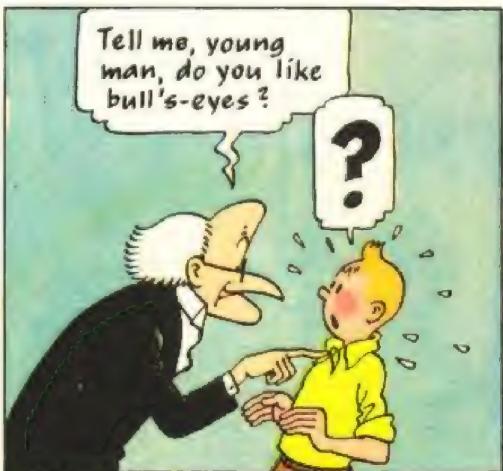
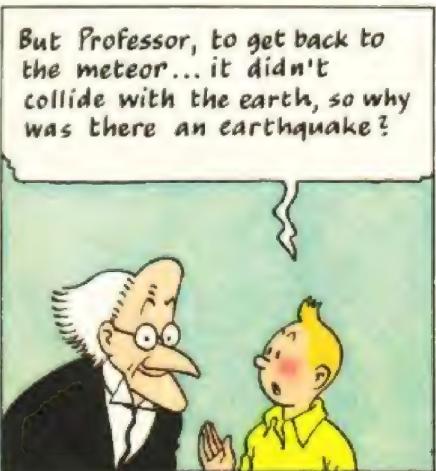
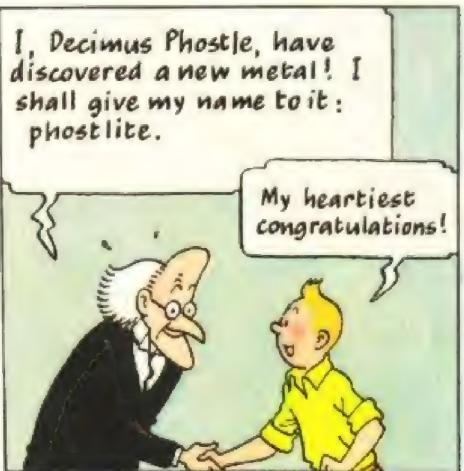
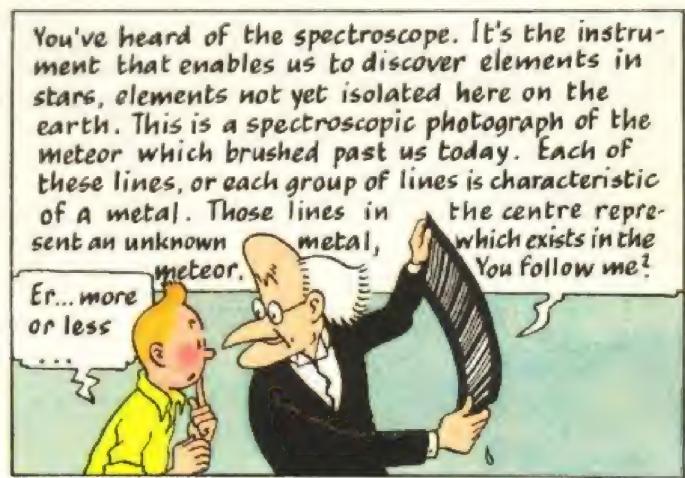
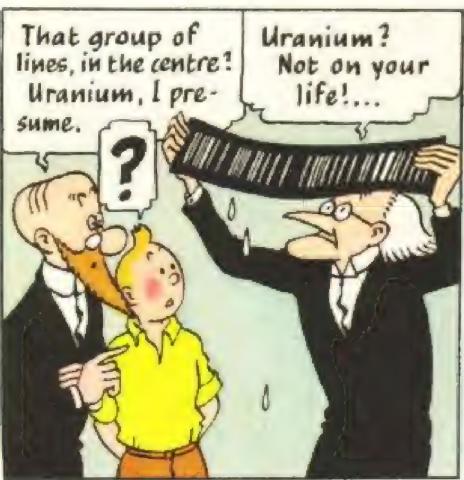
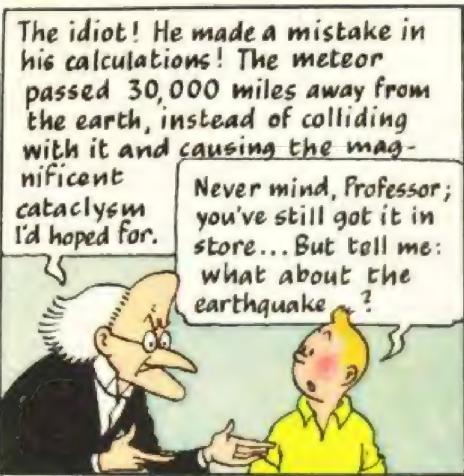


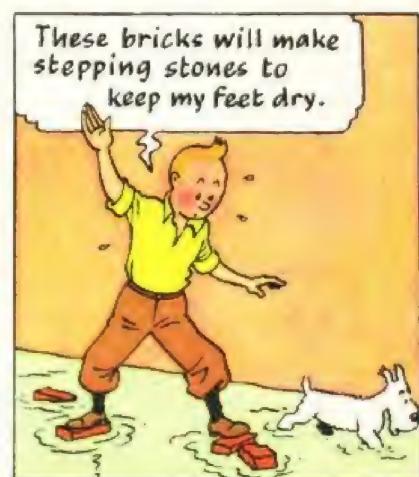
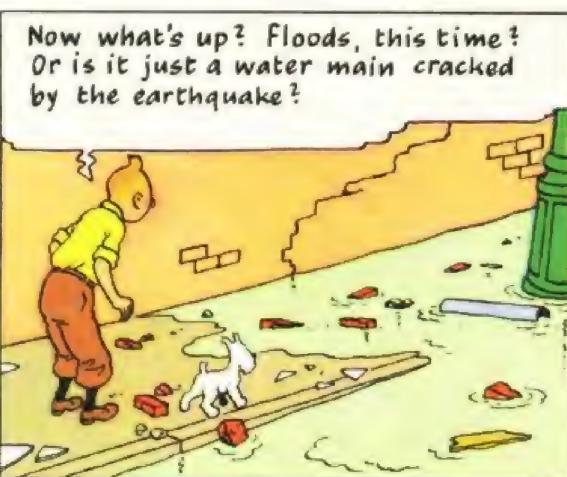
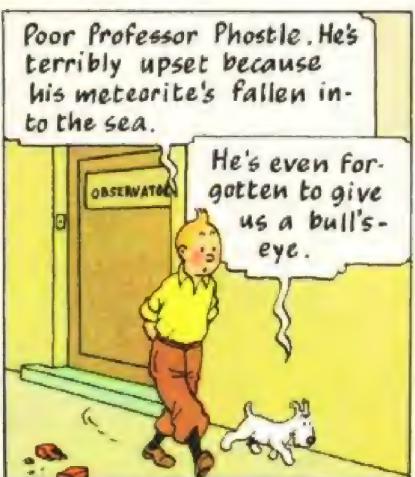
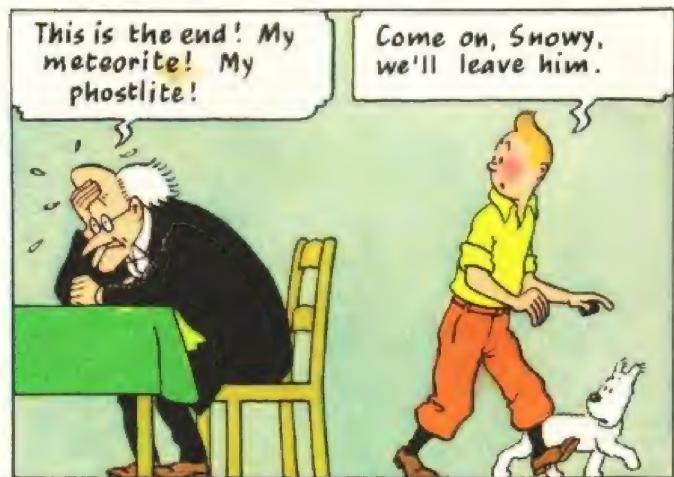
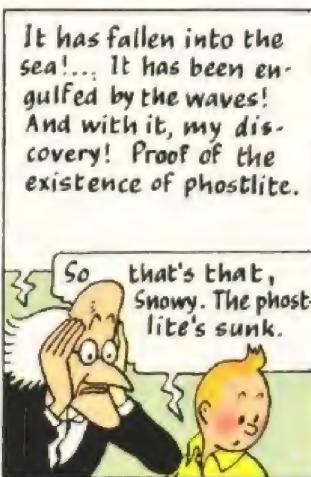
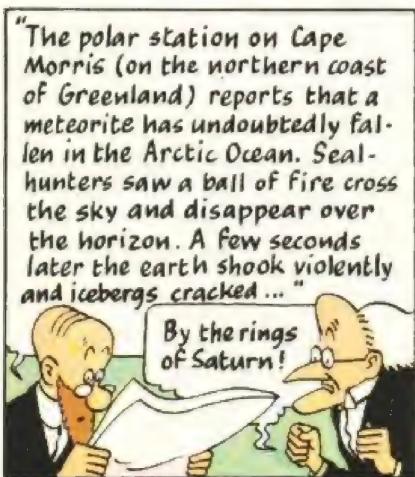
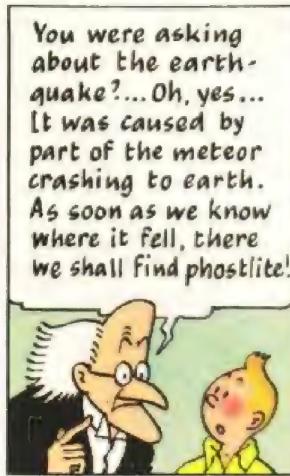
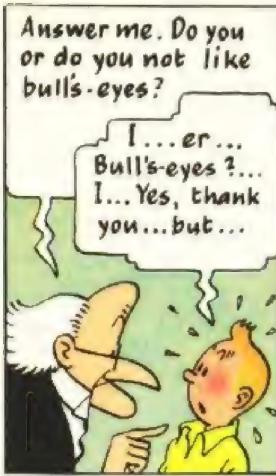


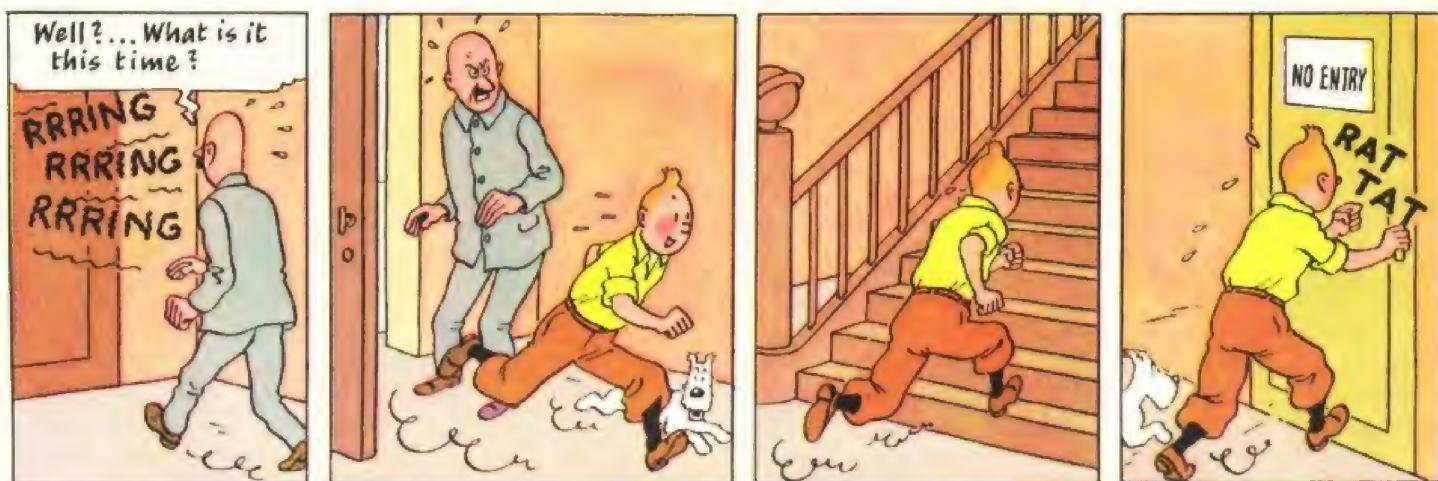
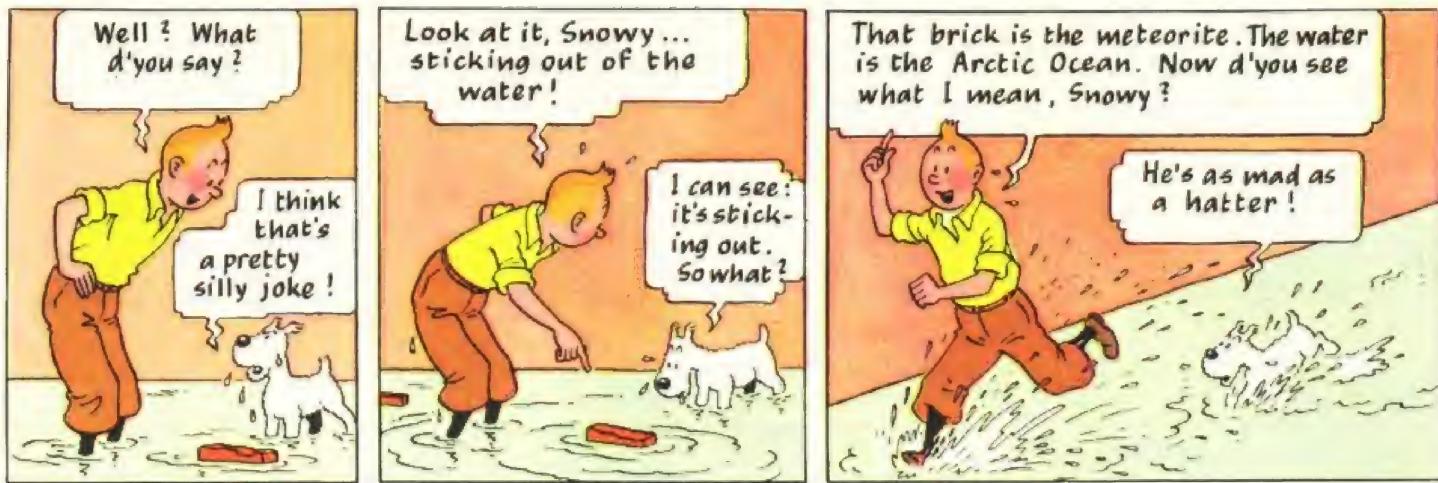














The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... the Swedish scholar Eric Björgenskjöld, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



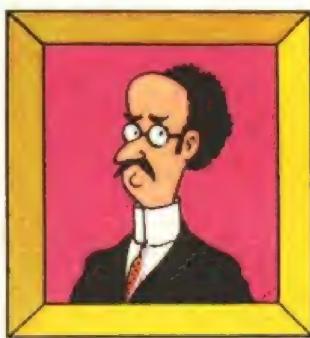
... Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Paul I Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



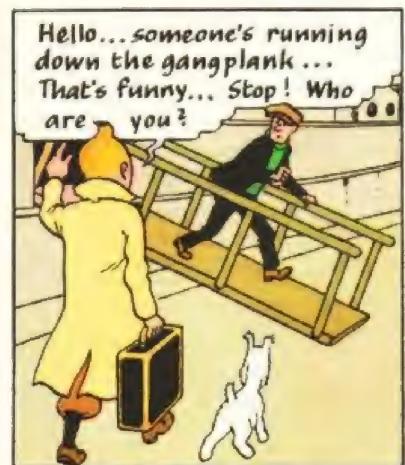
... Senhor Pedro Joas Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;

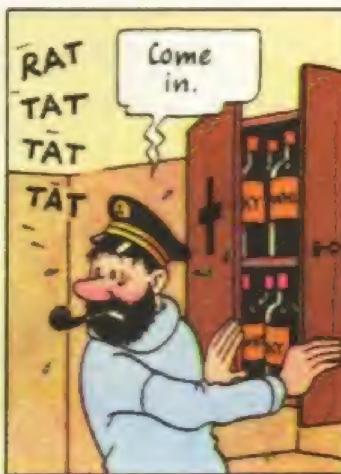
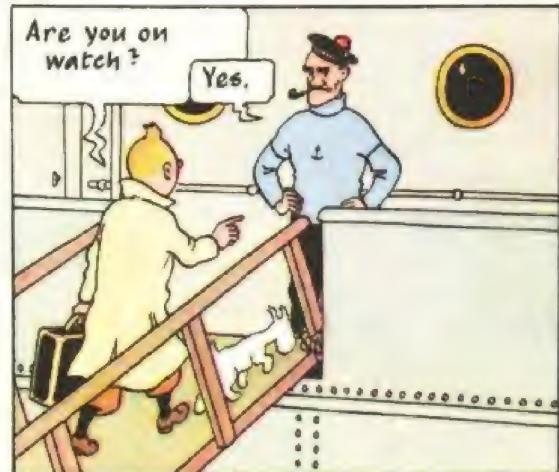
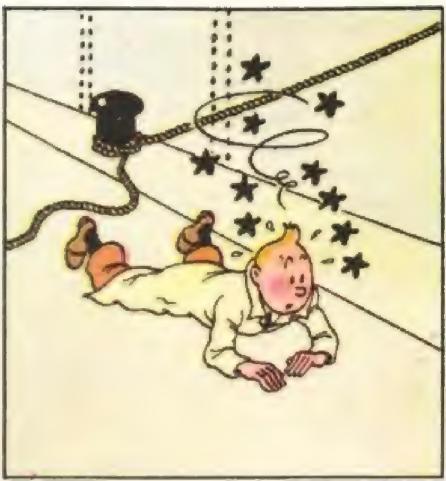
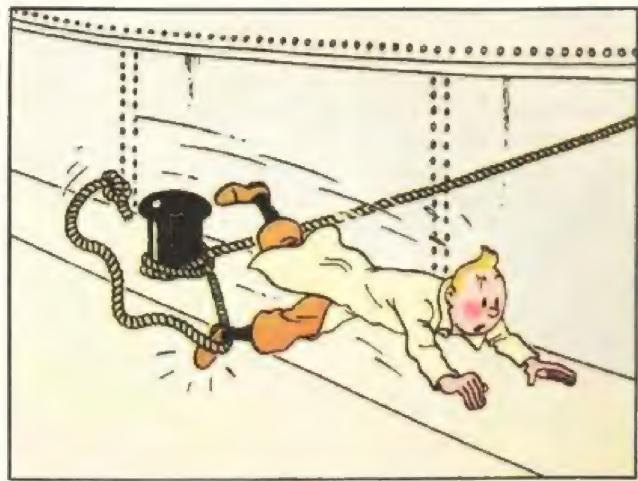


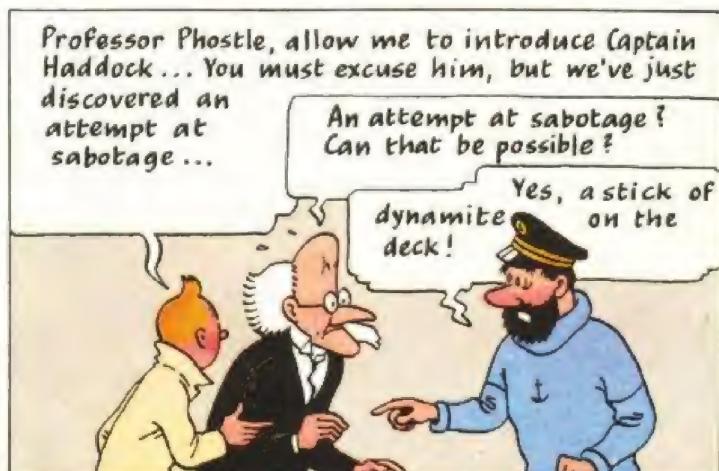
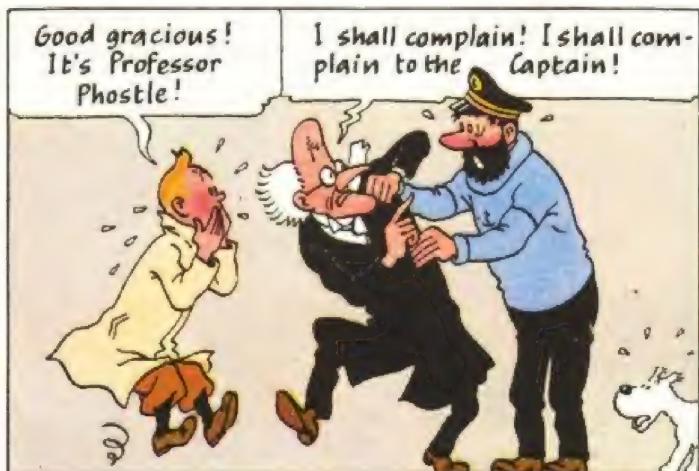
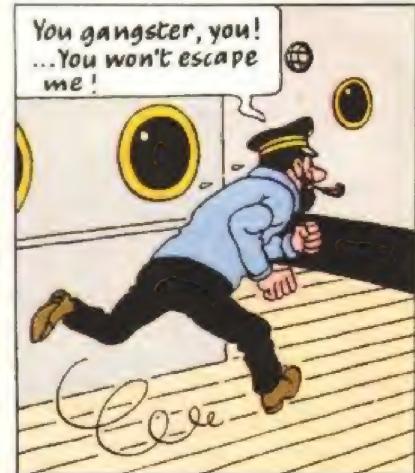
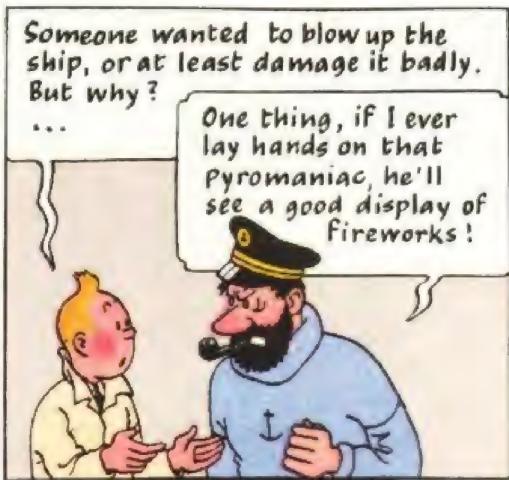
... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;

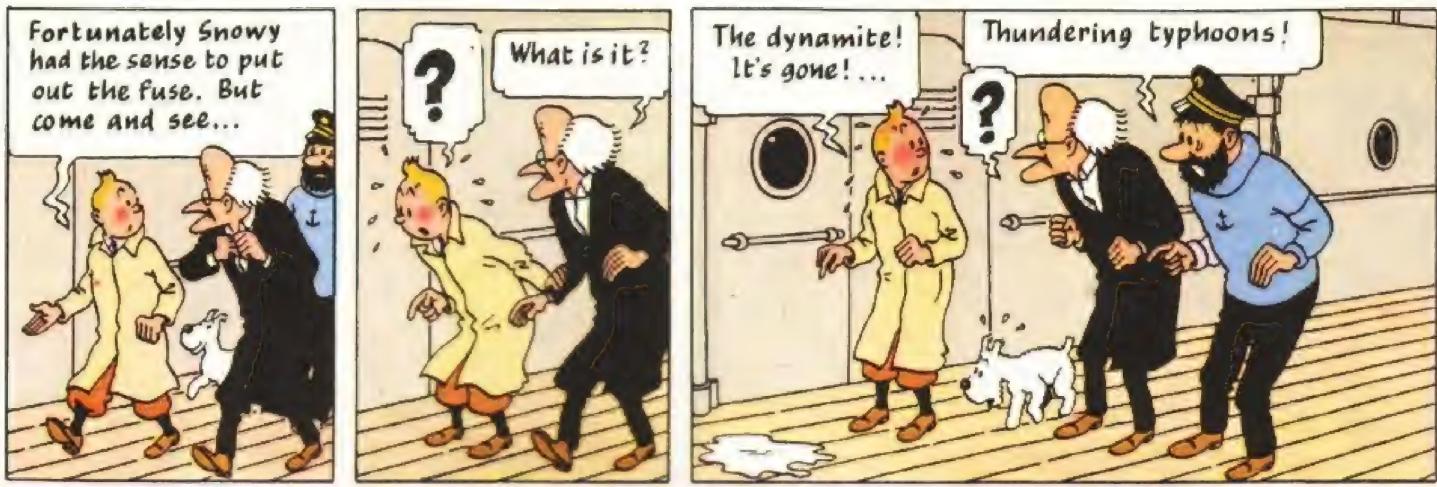


... and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S.S. (Society of Sober Sailors) who will command the "Aurora," the vessel in which the expedition will embark.

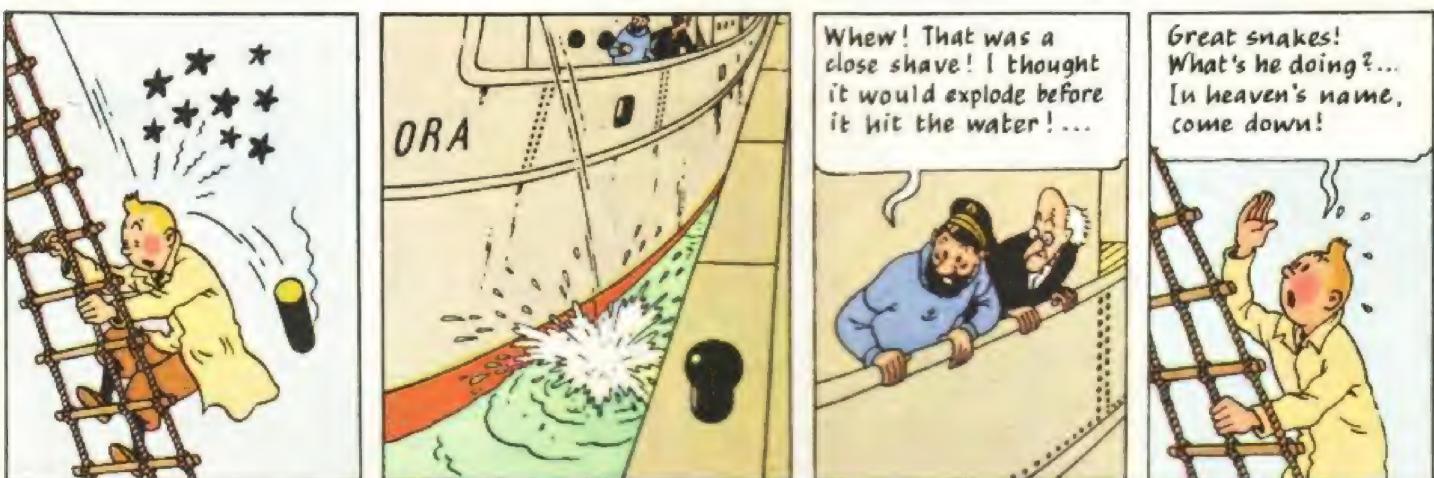


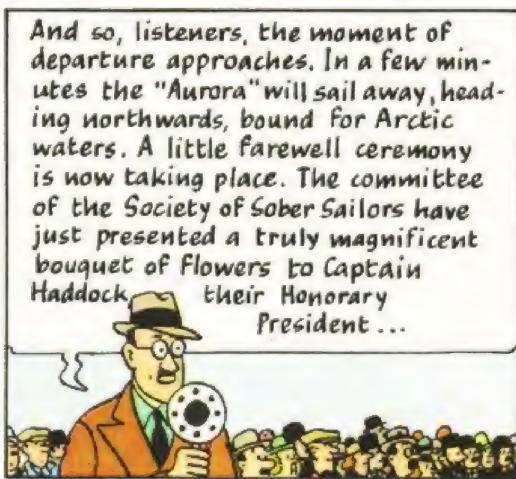
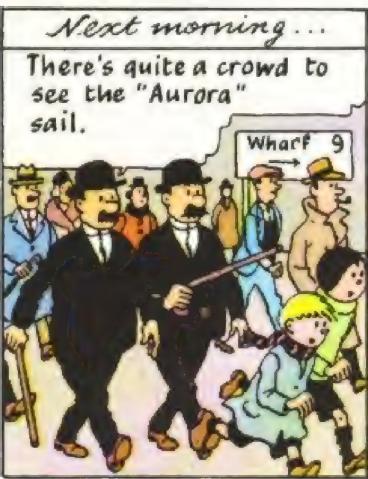
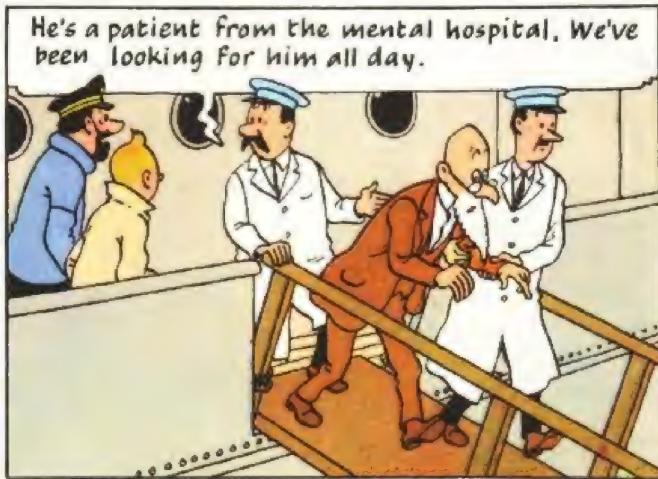








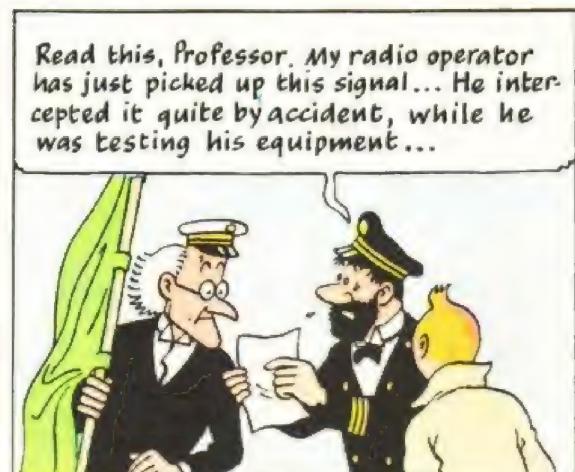
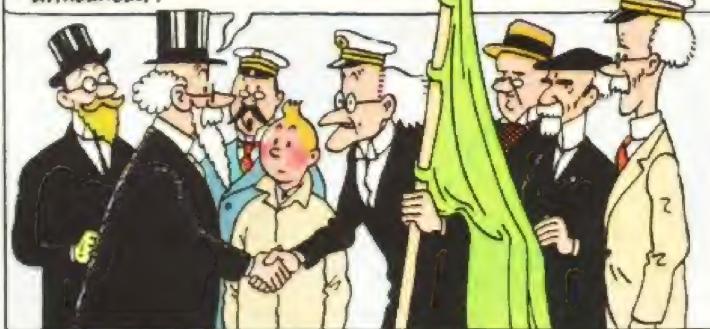




...and here's the President of the European Foundation for Scientific Research with the leader of the expedition, Professor Phostle, handing over the flag to be planted on the meteorite.

... I entrust this flag to you, Professor, confident that it will soon fly from the summit of the meteorite. I am sure you will find new metal, whose existence you have already announced.

Captain! Captain! ...



São Rico. The polar ship "Peary" sailed from São Rico yesterday evening on a voyage of exploration in Arctic waters. The "Peary" will try to find the meteorite which fell in that area and which, according to experts, contains an unknown metal ...

They've stolen a march on us! They'll take possession of the meteorite! All is lost...

Hold on, they haven't found it yet!

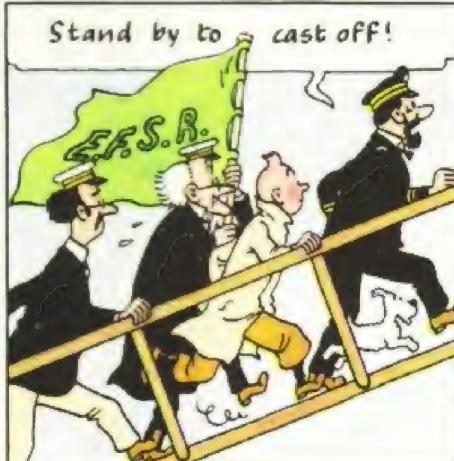
Tintin's right. We've still got a chance...



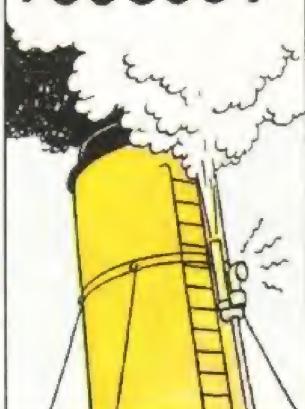
ALL HANDS ABOARD SHIP!... We sail at once!



Stand by to cast off!



TOOOOOT



The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.

Ha! ha! ha! I wish them the best of luck!

You're quite sure that they won't succeed? ...



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "Peary" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me: the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.

I hope so, Mr. Bohlwinkel. But still...

Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated... The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything...

Ah, good, good...

You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



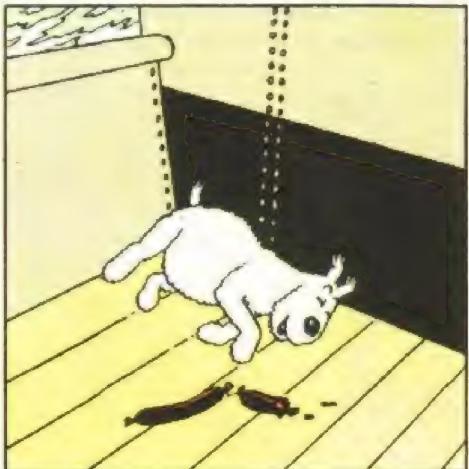
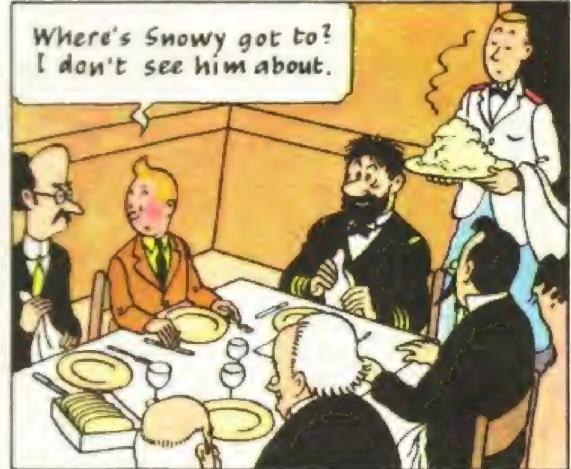
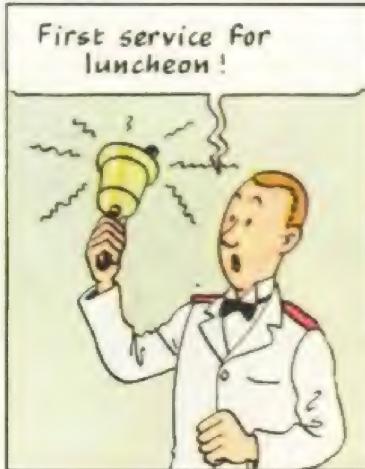
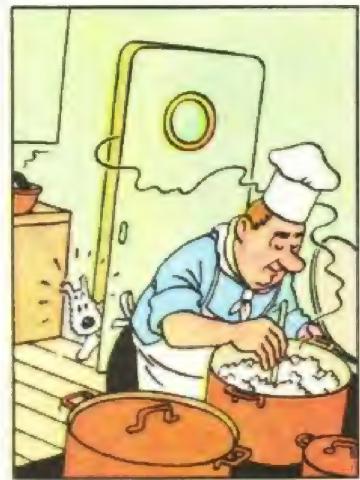
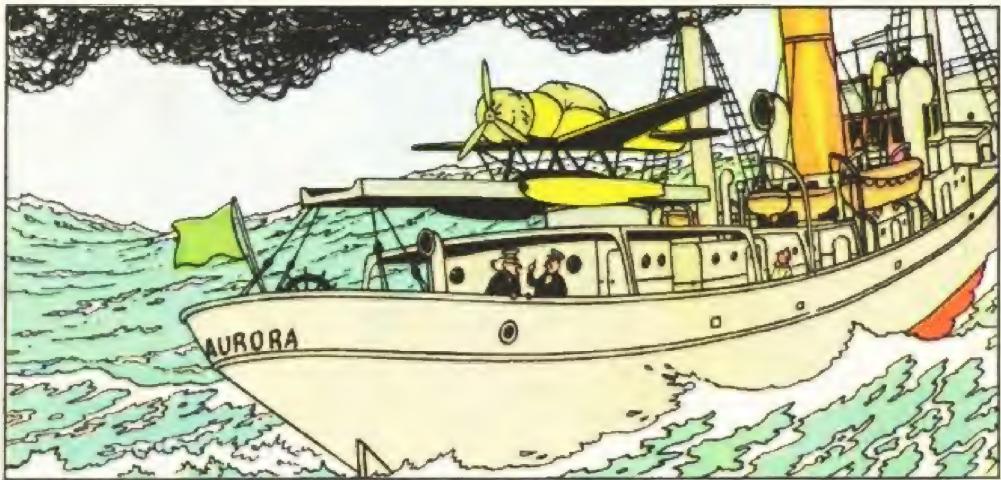
We're on our way, Snowy...

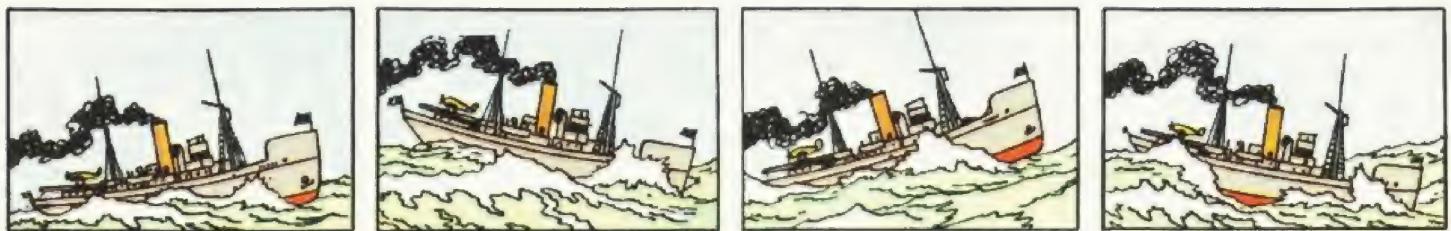
This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!

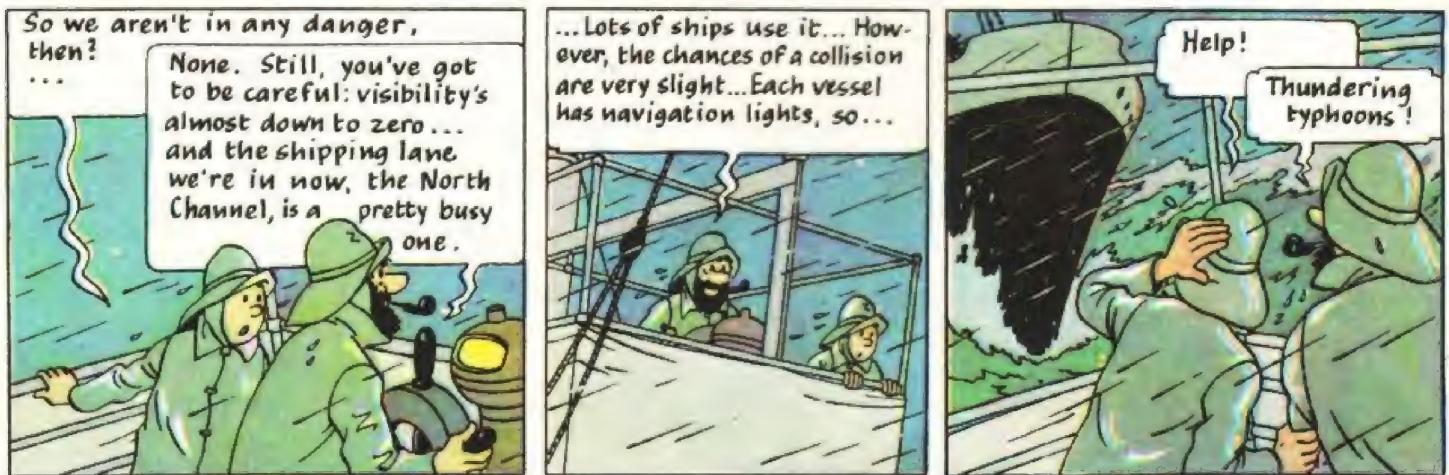


Do as I do, Snowy. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.











The lunatic! A little bit closer and he'd have cut us in two... He must be crazy sailing like that, without any lights... He couldn't have judged it better if he'd meant to sink us.



What do you mean? I mean, Captain, that someone's already tried to sabotage the "Aurora" ... the night before we sailed. The accident we just avoided looks remarkably like another attempt ...



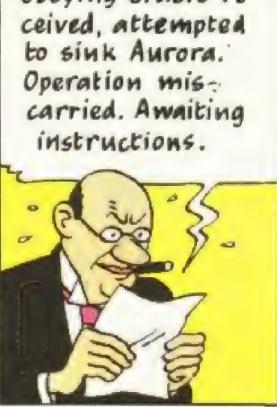
Thundering typhoons!... You're right!... But who on earth ...?



Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?



S.S. Kentucky Star. Obeying orders received, attempted to sink Aurora. Operation mis-carried. Awaiting instructions.



They've Failed! The bungling Fools! Now we're back where we started!... But I'll get them yet!



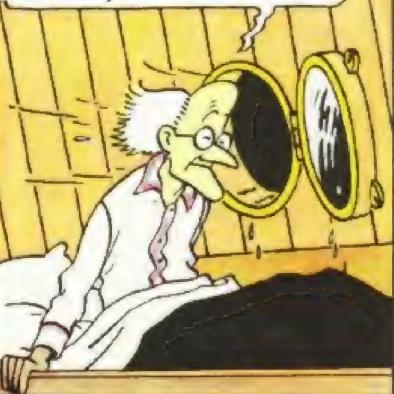
Oh, misery! I feel so ill! I feel horribly ill!



Would you mind if I opened the window a little bit? Some fresh air would do us good.



Aah! ... I feel better already.

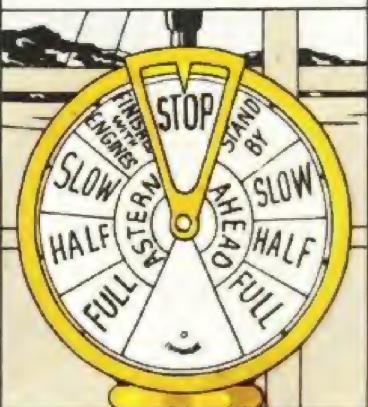




Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.



The next morning...



So here we are in Akureyri. Shall we be staying here long, Captain?

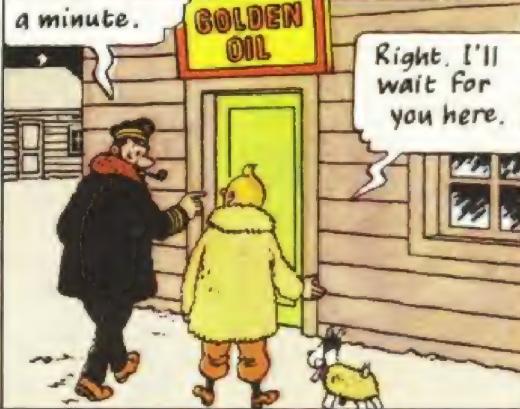
Oh, no...



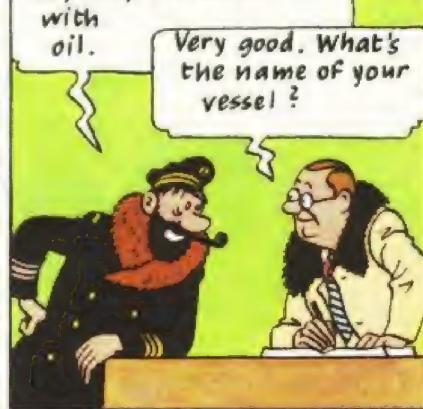
Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There. I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Good morning. I want my ship refuelled with oil.



Polar research ship "Aurora".

Captain Haddock.

Oh?... You're the Captain of... of the "Aurora"?



Oh!... I... I've bad news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



What's that you say? No fuel oil?... That's absurd! I've got to have oil, d'you hear?

I assure you that I can't... I mean, I haven't got any oil!



That sounds like an argument...



It's disgraceful, I tell you! Disgraceful!

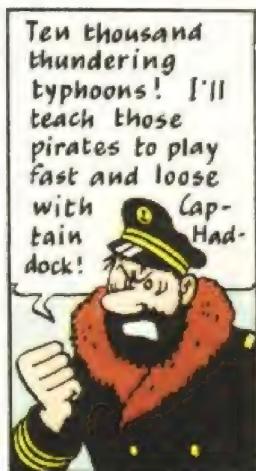
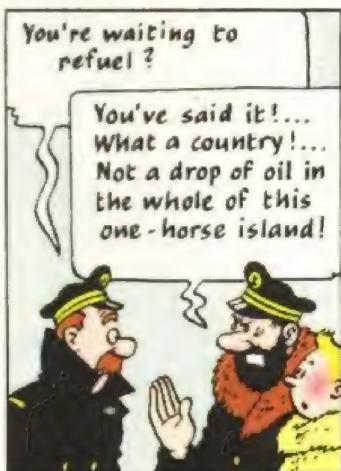
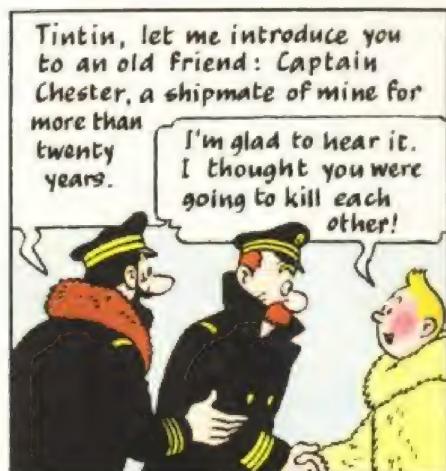
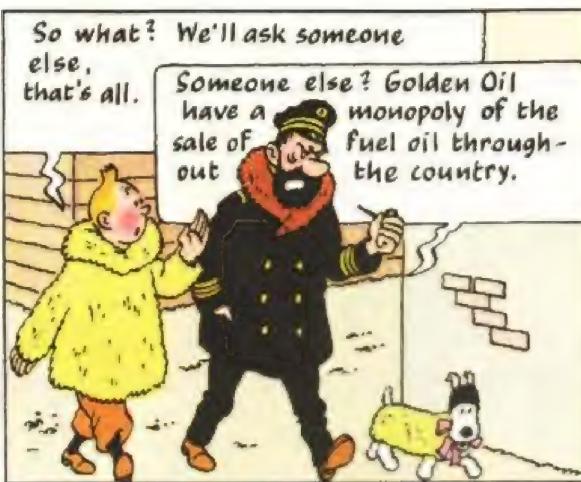
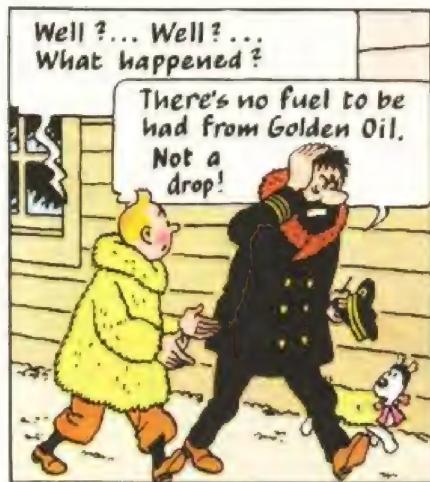


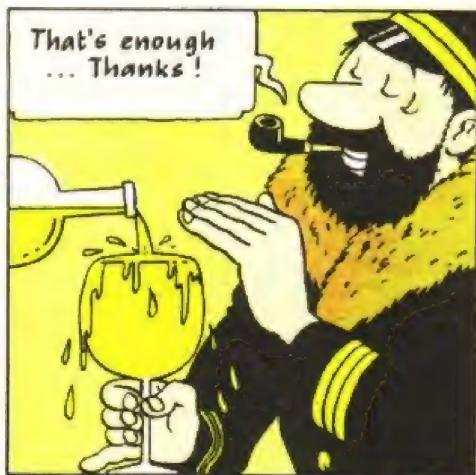
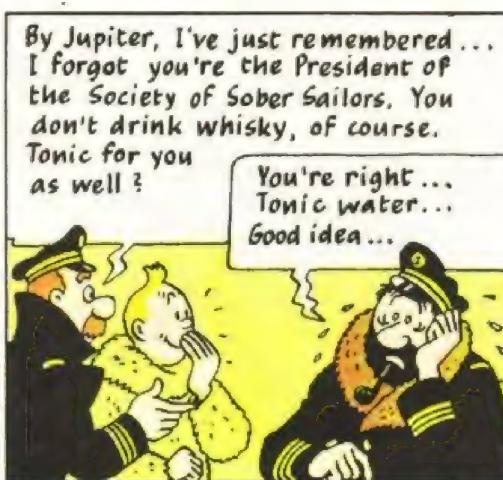
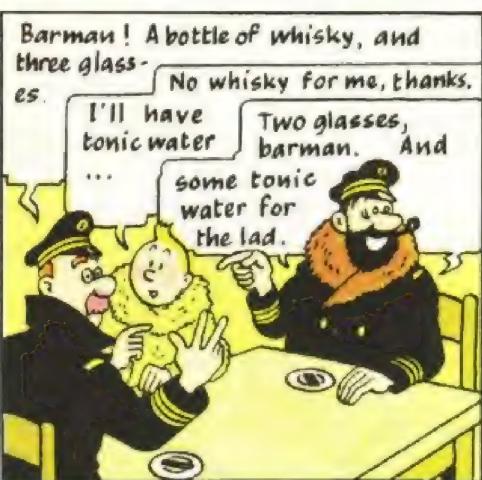
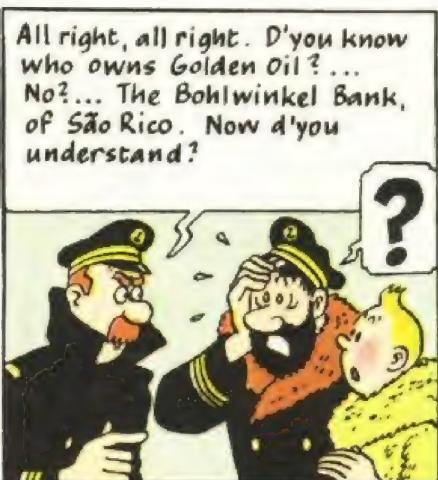
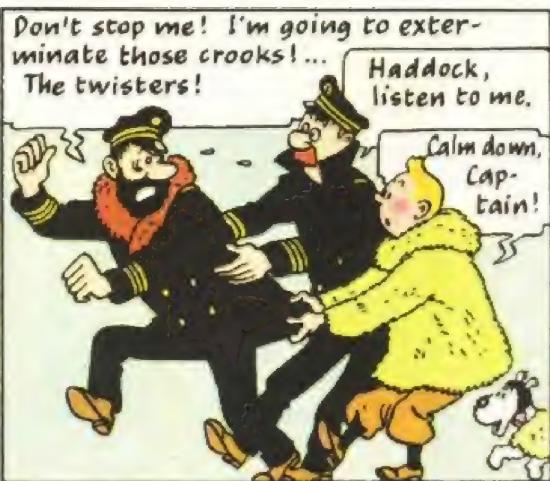
Remember! On your own head be it!

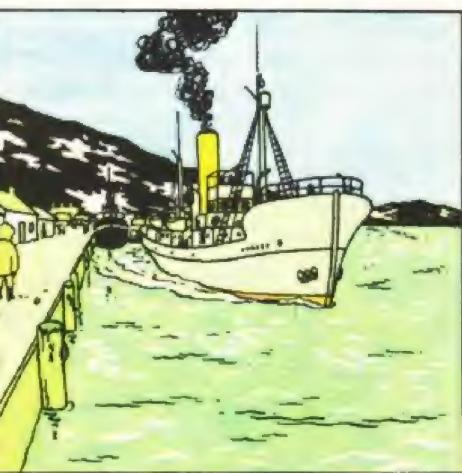
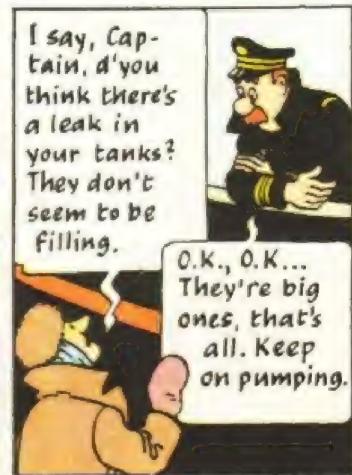
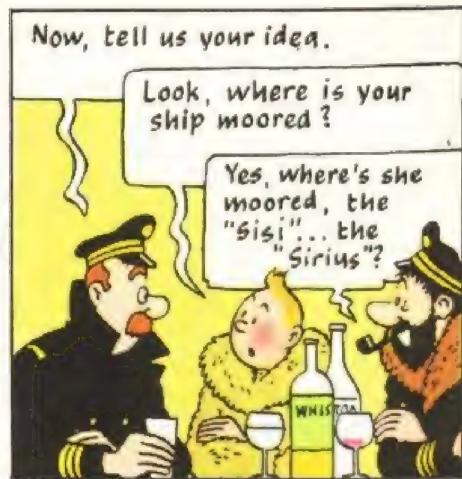


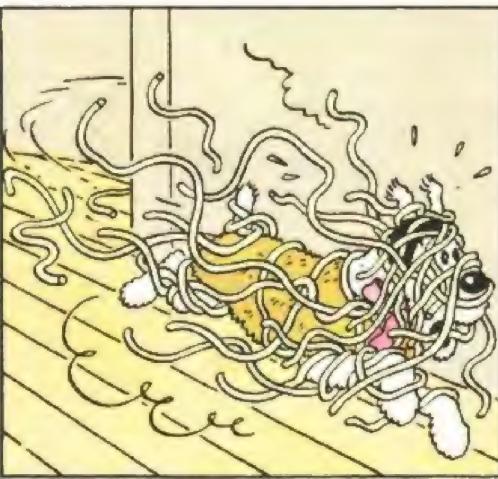
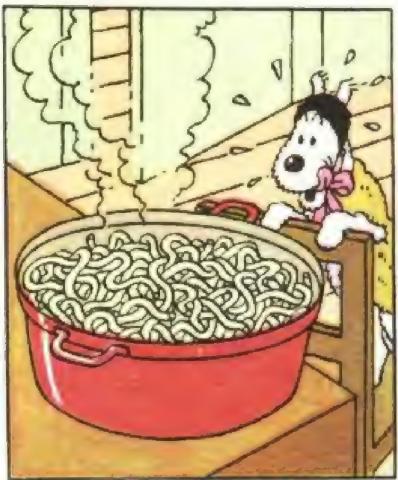
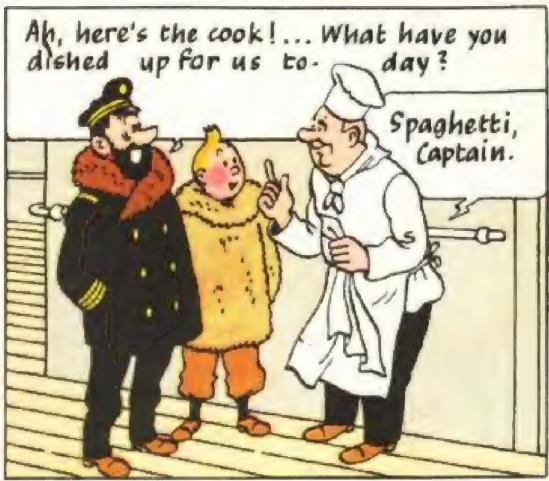
OIL



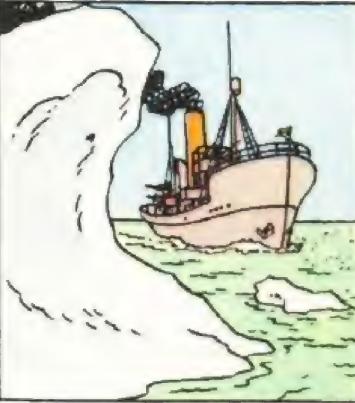








A week later...



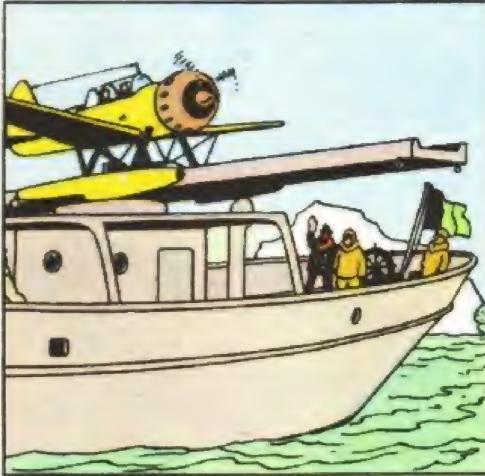
This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West... You understand?



Above all, don't take risks: don't go beyond the limits we fixed.

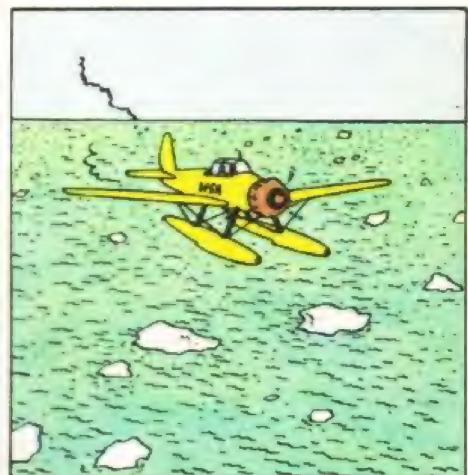


And don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the meteorite.



There they go...

Let's hope they don't run into any trouble.

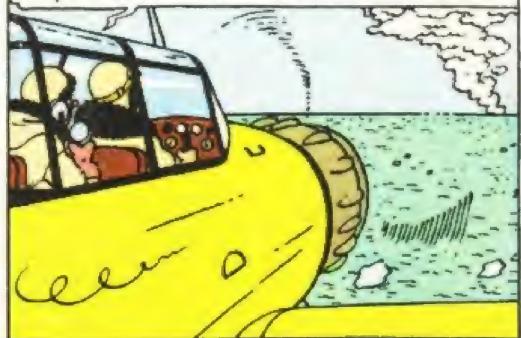


Hello?... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've seen something?

The meteorite?



Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear. But there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.

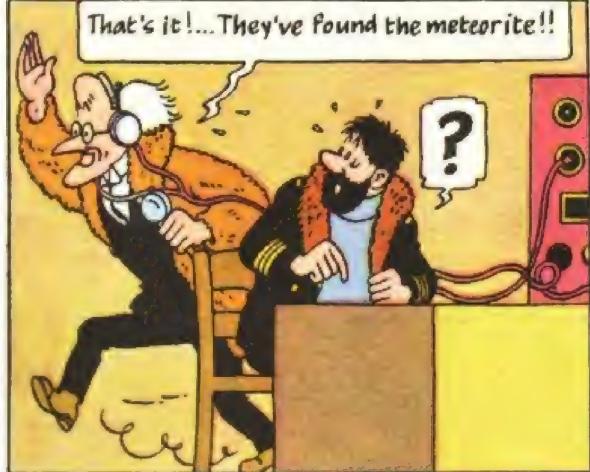


How extraordinary. They've seen a great column of white vapour on the horizon.

Quick!... Give me the microphone.

This is Professor Phostle. Tell me, does the column of vapour seem to be coming from a definite point? ... You say there are no other clouds in sight? The sky is clear?

That's it!... They've found the meteorite!!



Careful!... The earphones...



Forgive me. I forgot! Yes, Captain, it's the meteorite causing the column of vapour. The heat emitted from it has already melted the ice. Gradually the water surrounding it is warming up.



Thus water-vapour is created, and this is rising up to form the clouds which they have seen.



Hello? Hello?... You have found the meteorite!... Hooray!...Hello?... Are you receiving me?



Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... They're not answering any more!...



Tell me, Captain, should these wires be connected to anything?

Thundering typhoons!... The leads weren't plugged in!



There! That's fixed it.



Hello?... Ah, you can hear me... Turn round and come back... The vapour is caused by the meteorite... yes... Come back, you've completed your mission.



All right, we're returning.

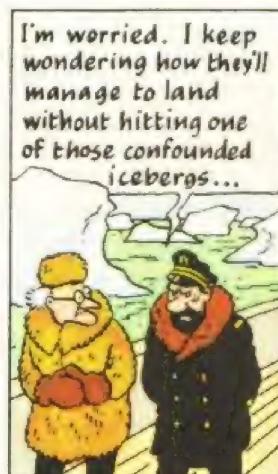
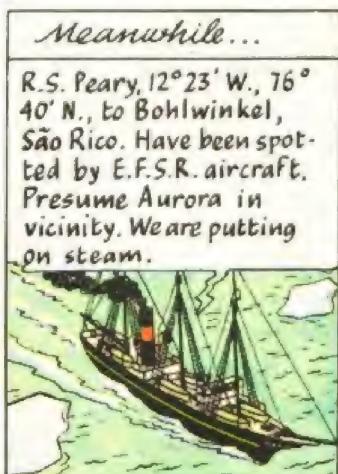
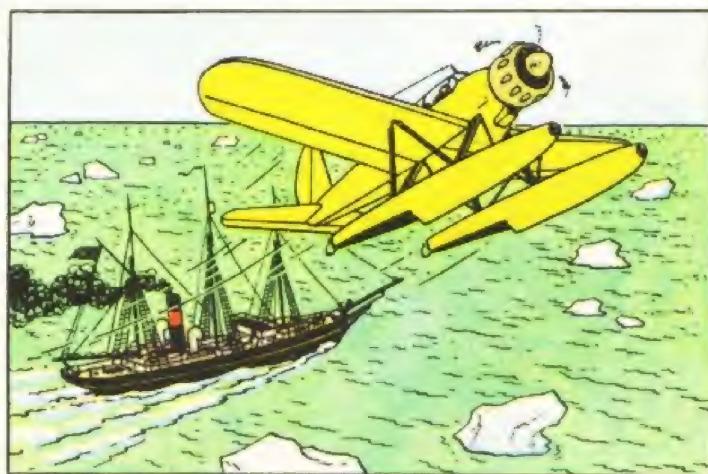
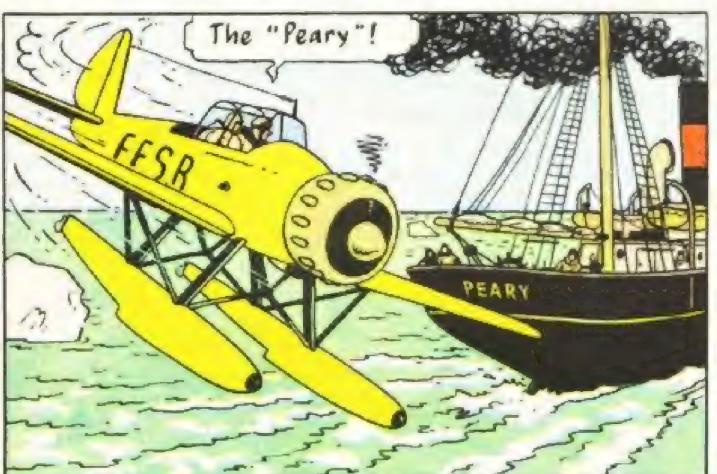
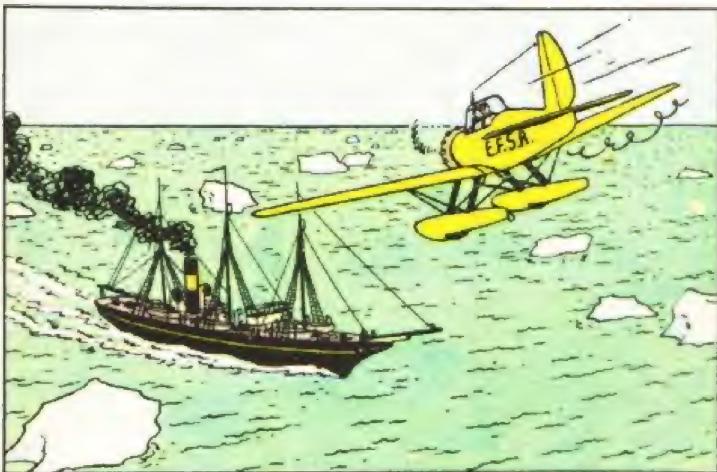
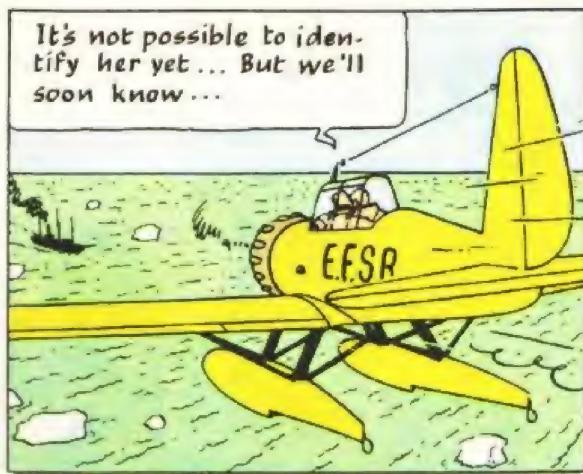
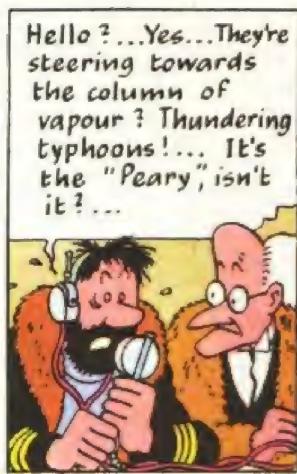
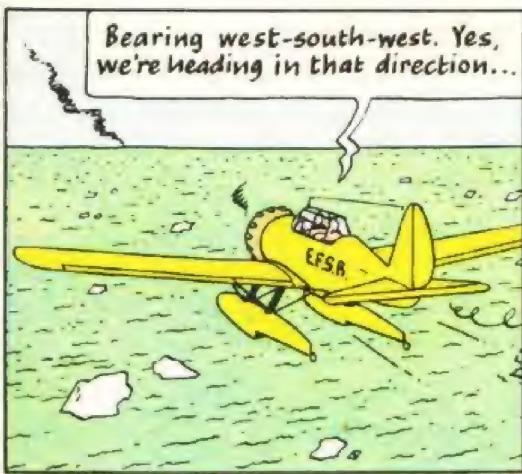


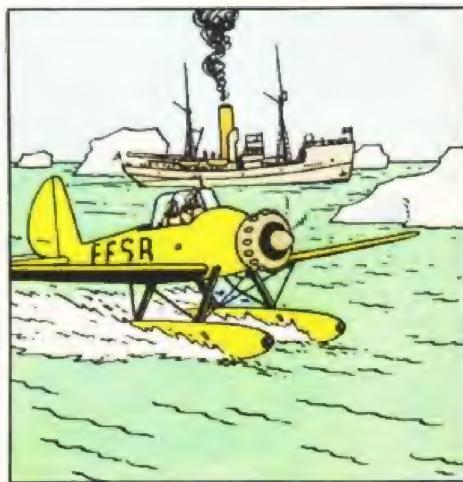
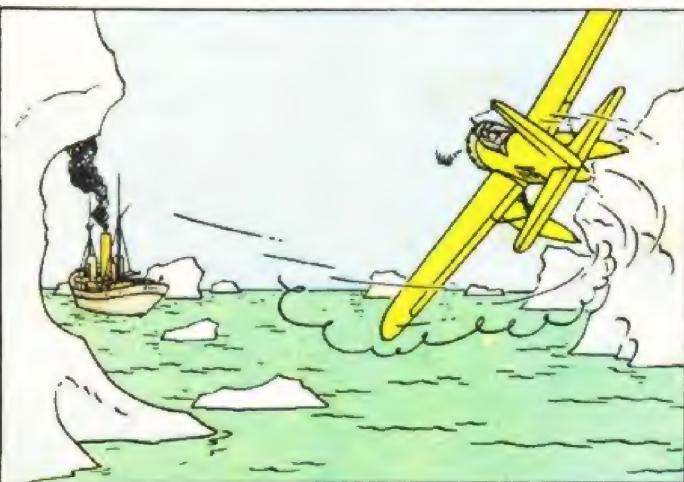
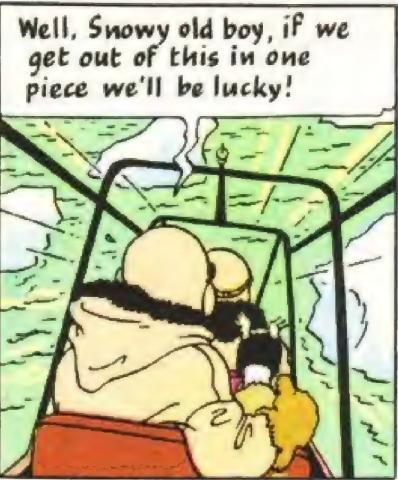
Look down there!...



Hello?... Yes?... What did you say? Smoke?... Smoke from a ship?... Where?... In which direction?...







Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 4 miles each hour. They're 150 miles ahead. So in 37½ hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"



Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"! ... This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight.

Tintin's right; we must try, Captain.

That's all very fine! ... But to catch up 150 miles! ...

Impossible! ... It's quite futile to try. We're going to turn round and go home...



All right... er... I say, Captain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. I think I need a little whisky



You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?



On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle ...



Give up the struggle? ... Never! ... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons! ... We'll show those P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can do! ... The I-I-lily-livered I-I-landlubbers!



Come on! We shall see what we shall see! ... Show a leg! On deck with you!



Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it! ... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 150 miles start on us: we've got to catch them up!



Cox'n at the wheel! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for icebergs!



Noon next day...

Hooray!... There she is!... That's smoke from the "Peary"!

We're steaming faster than she is!... We'll overtake them this evening, or during the night.



Captain!... A signal!

Read it!... This is the last straw!... What are we going to do? Blistering barnacles, what are we going to do?



Ask our scientists to come to the saloon. Tell them I have important news ...

Gentlemen, I'd like to read you a signal we've just picked up. It's a distress call. The text is disjointed, as if the transmitter was damaged. Even the name of the ship is incomplete.



S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.
CIT... 70°45' N -
19°12' W. IN
COLLISION WITH
ICEB... TAKING
WATER IN FORWARD
... QUEST
ASSISTANCE
URGE ...

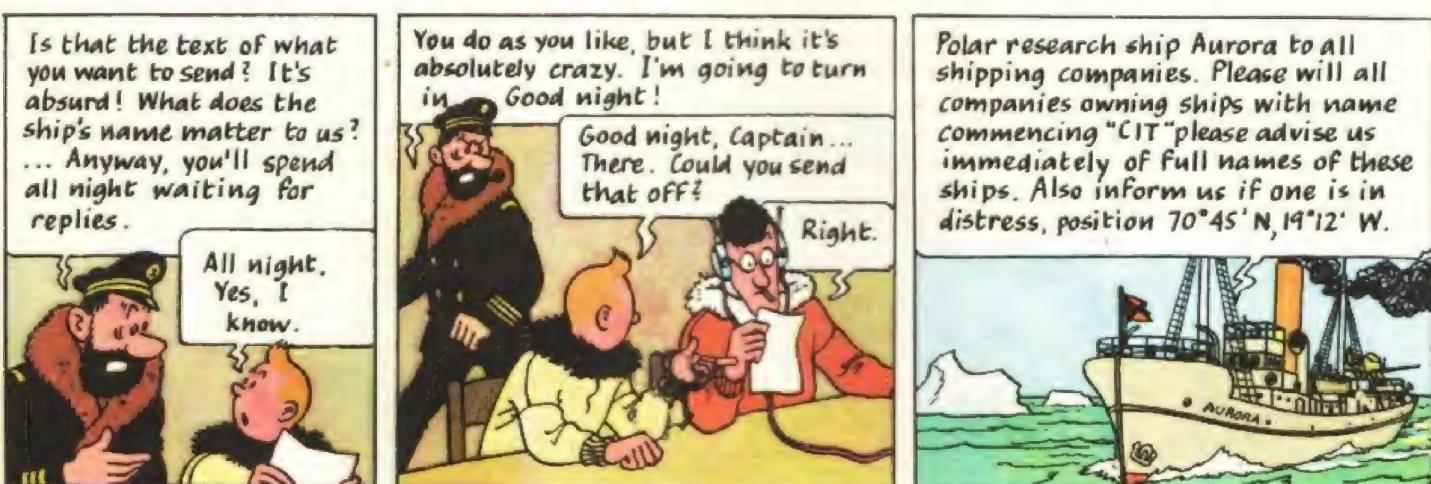
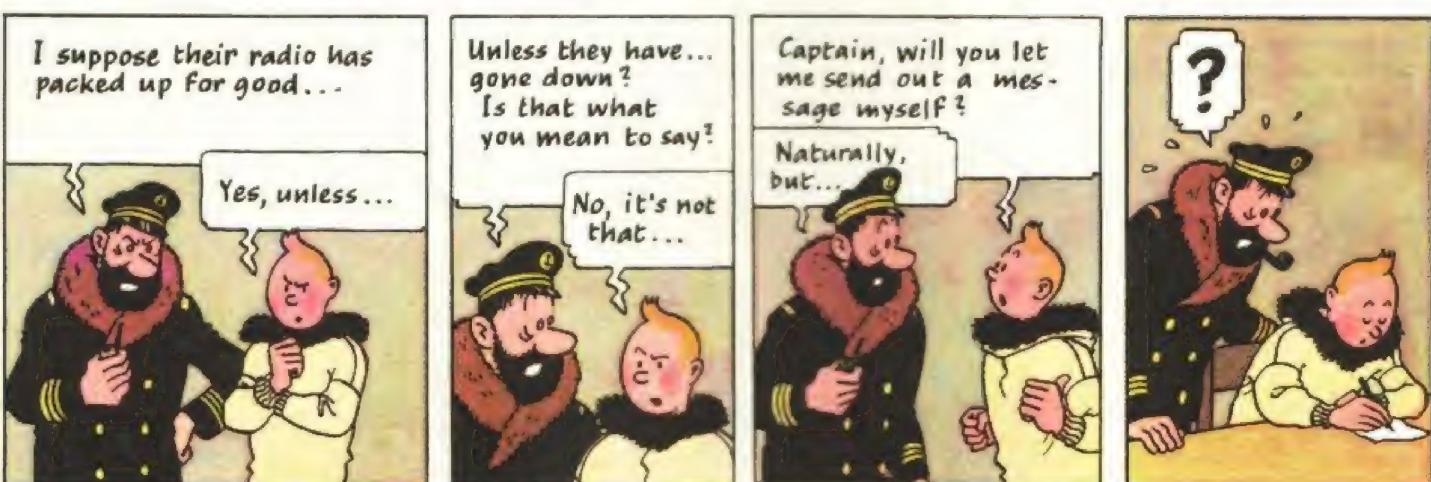
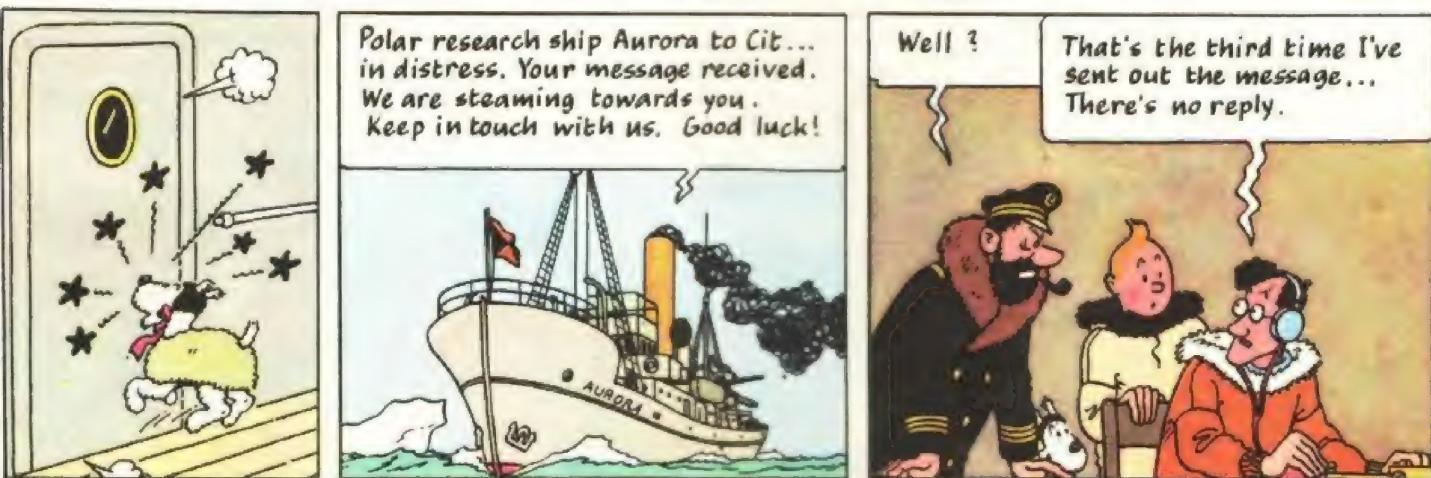
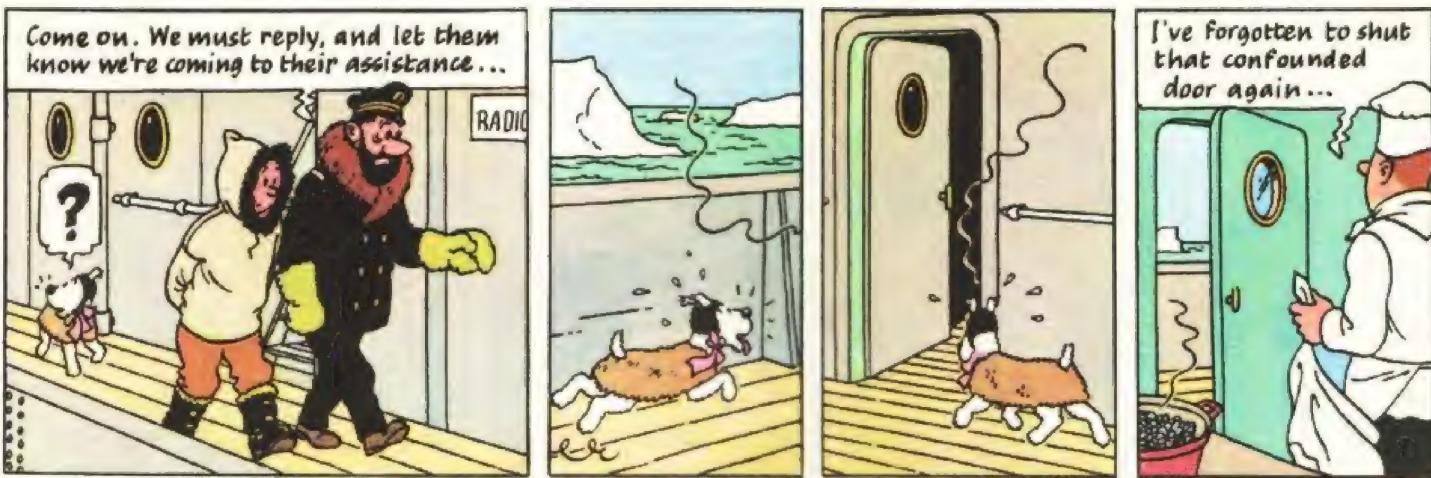
There it is, gentlemen. Either we can go to the aid of this ship, and abandon all hope of reaching the meteorite before the "Peary", or else we can continue on our course, and not answer this call... It's up to you to decide.

There's no question about it, Captain. Human lives are in danger. We must go to their aid, even if it does cost us our prize ...

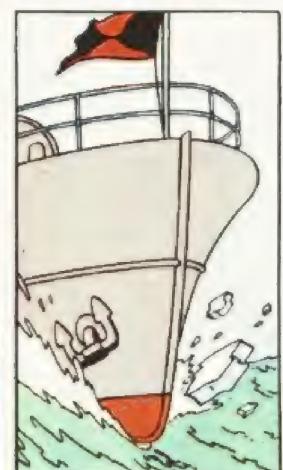
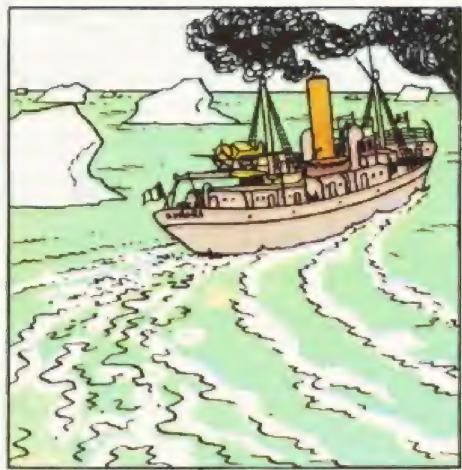
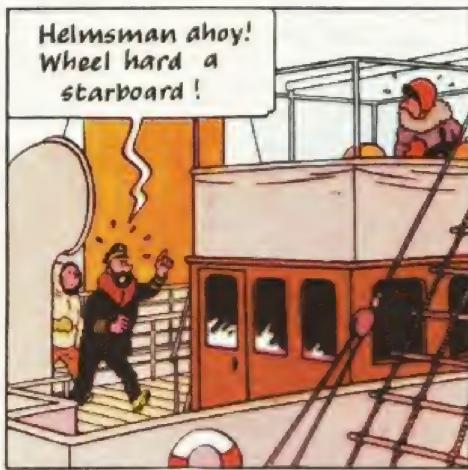
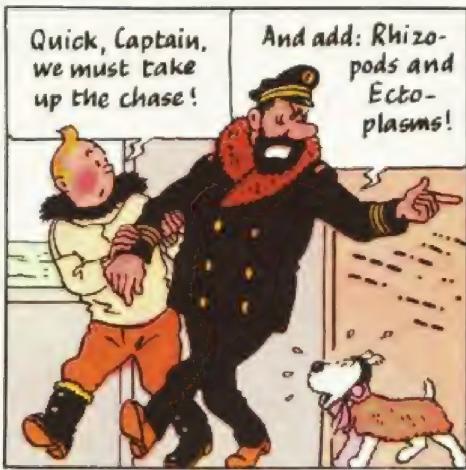
I was sure of your answer, Professor. We'll go about right away ...

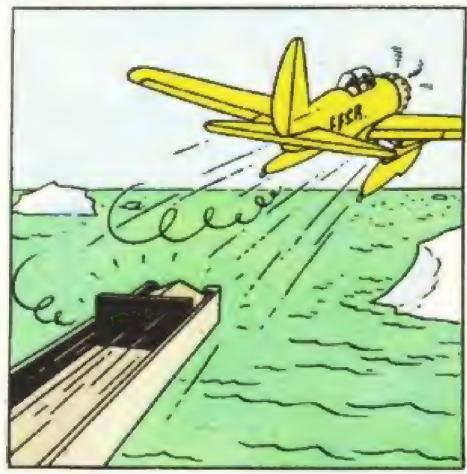
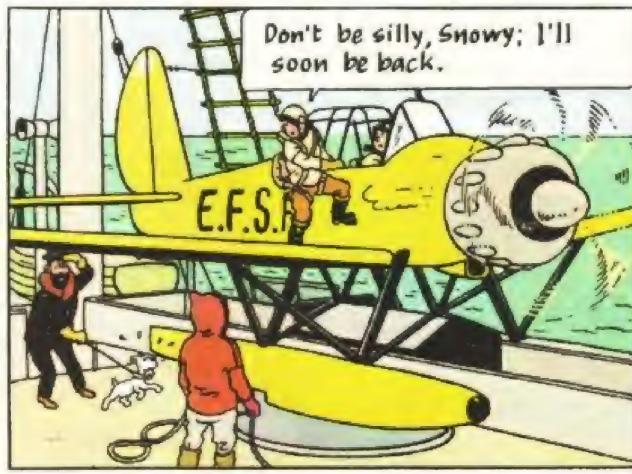
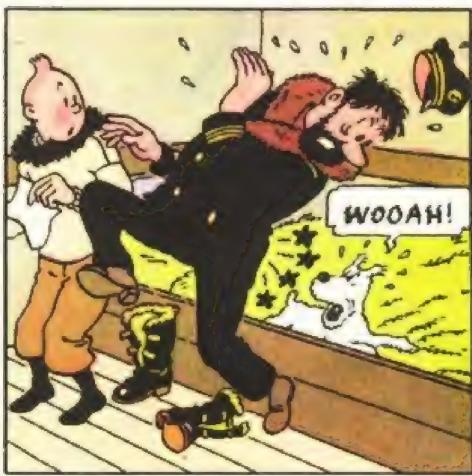
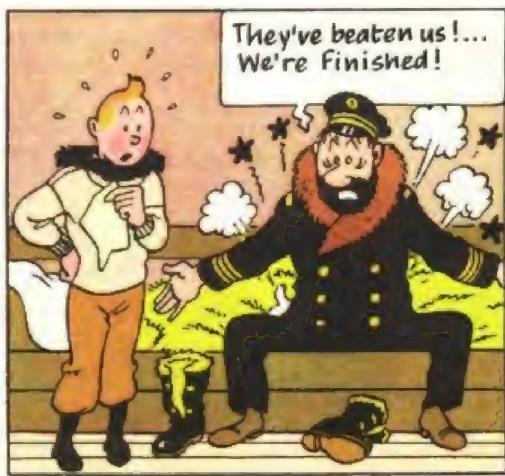
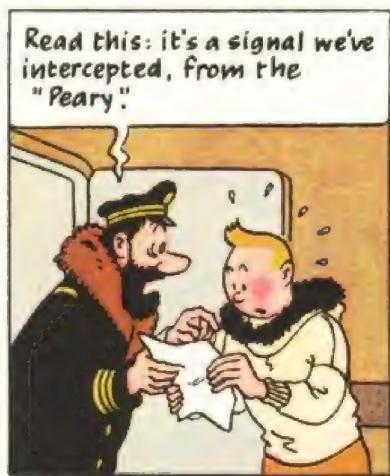
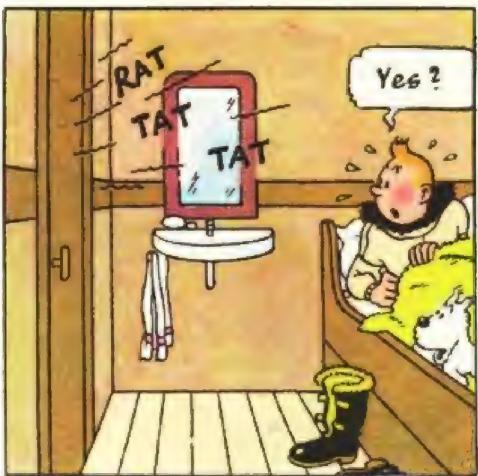
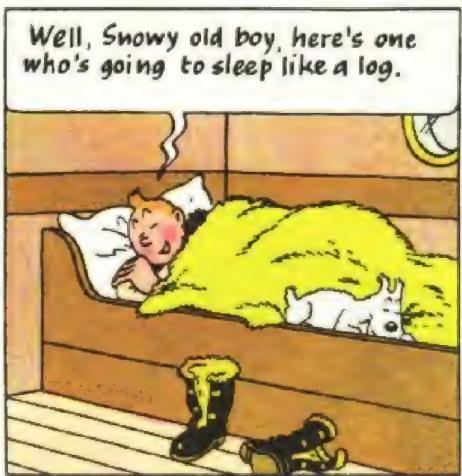
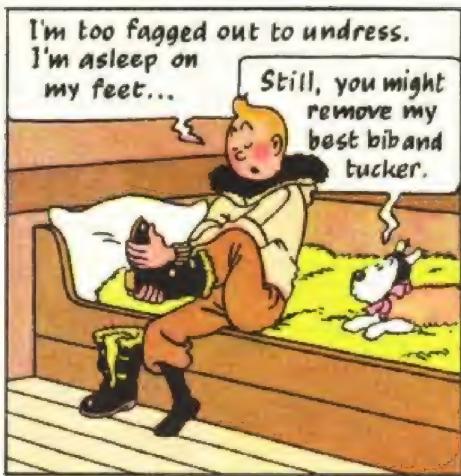
Bravo!



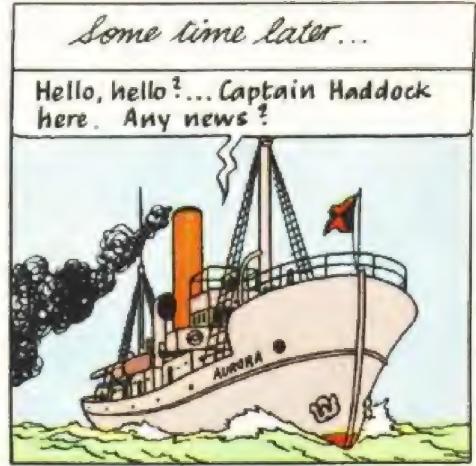
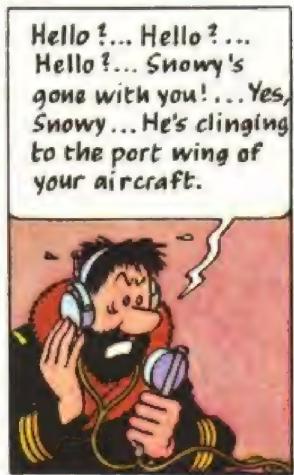
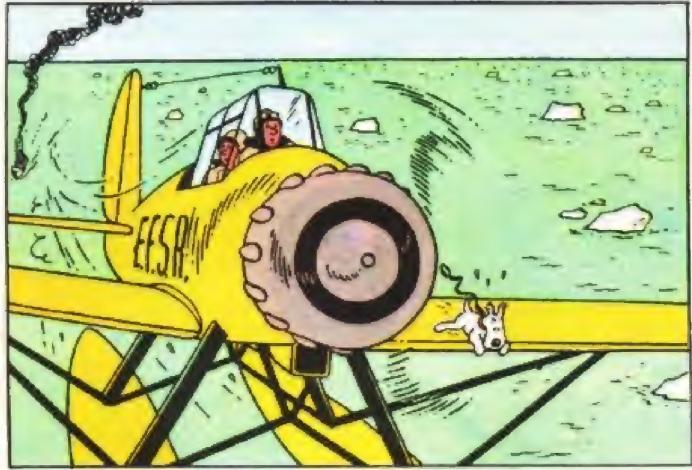
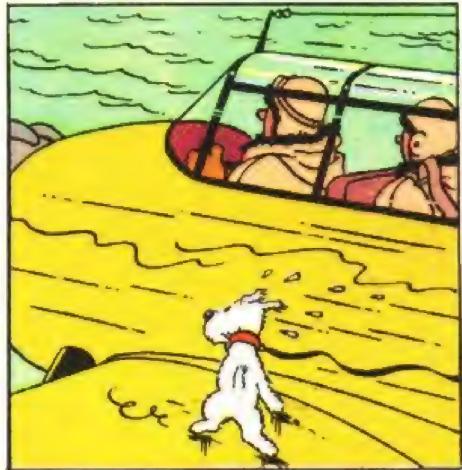




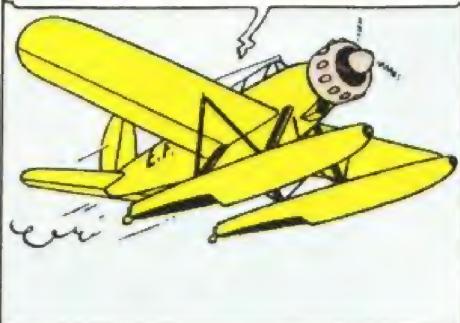




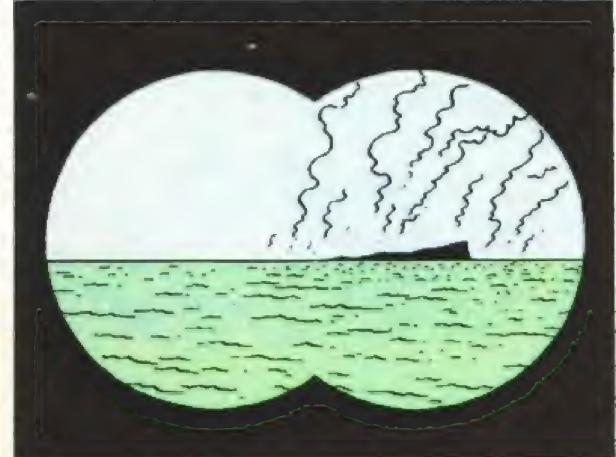




There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.



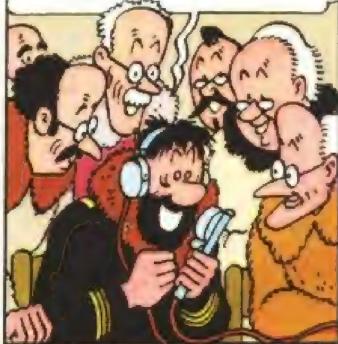
The meteorite ! There's the meteorite !



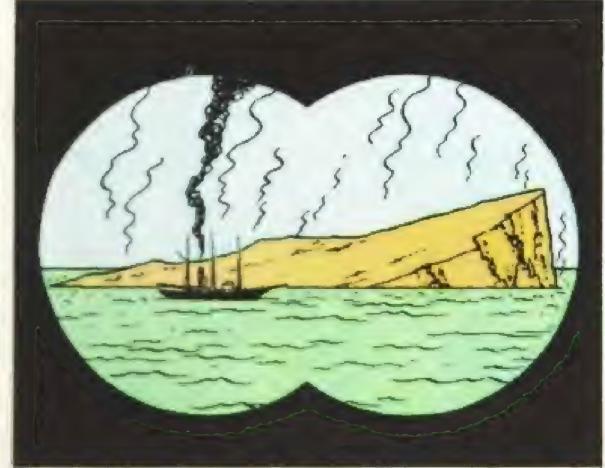
Hello... Tintin here... We can see the meteorite !!



Really ? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite! ... Hooray ! ... What's it like?



It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ... Great snakes! ... The "Peary" has beaten us to it!



The "Peary" has beaten them to it.



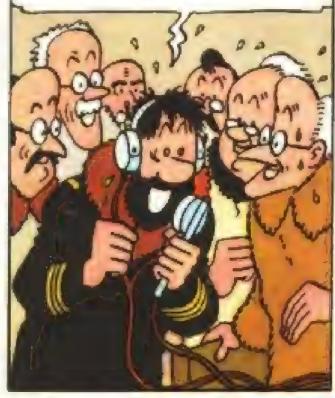
Tell me... I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite?



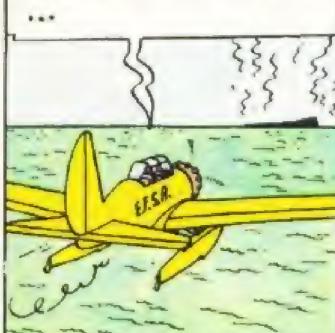
Their flag? ... Wait ... No, I can't see a flag...



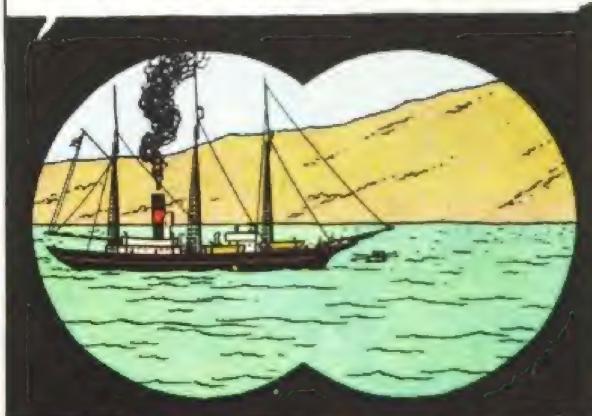
Hooray ! Then there's still hope !

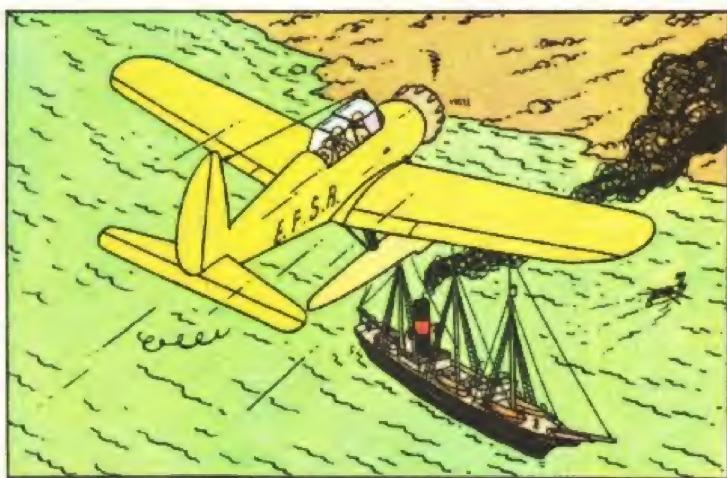
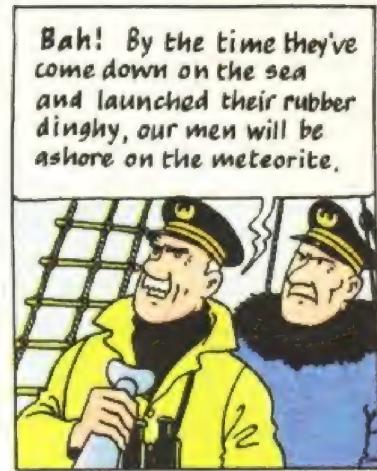


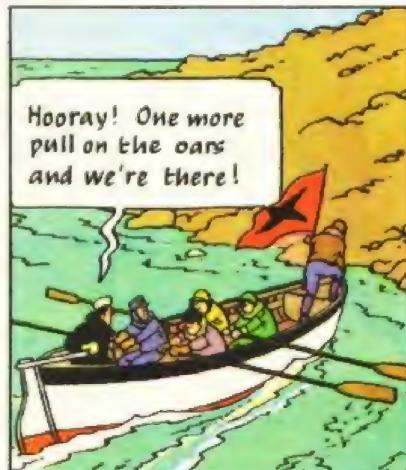
Perhaps, I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary"... it looks as if ... as if ...

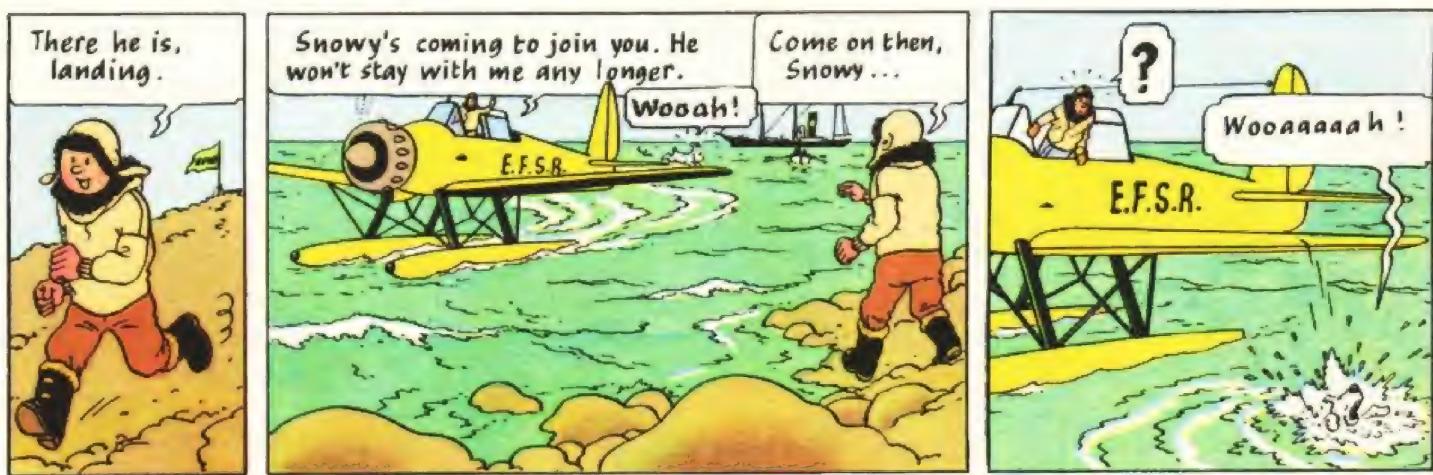
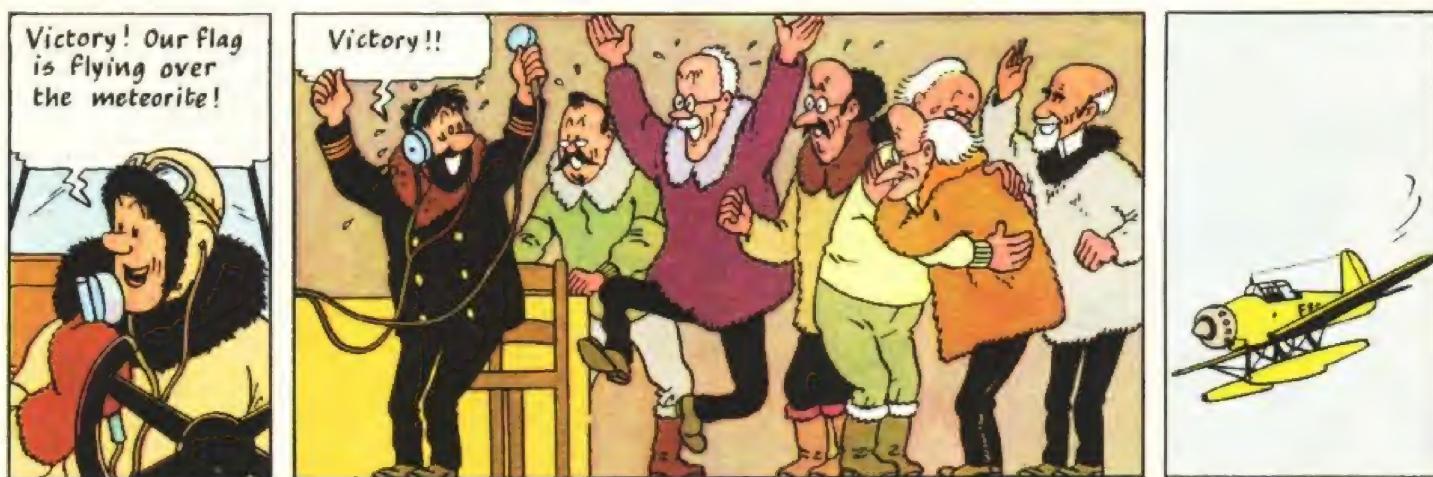
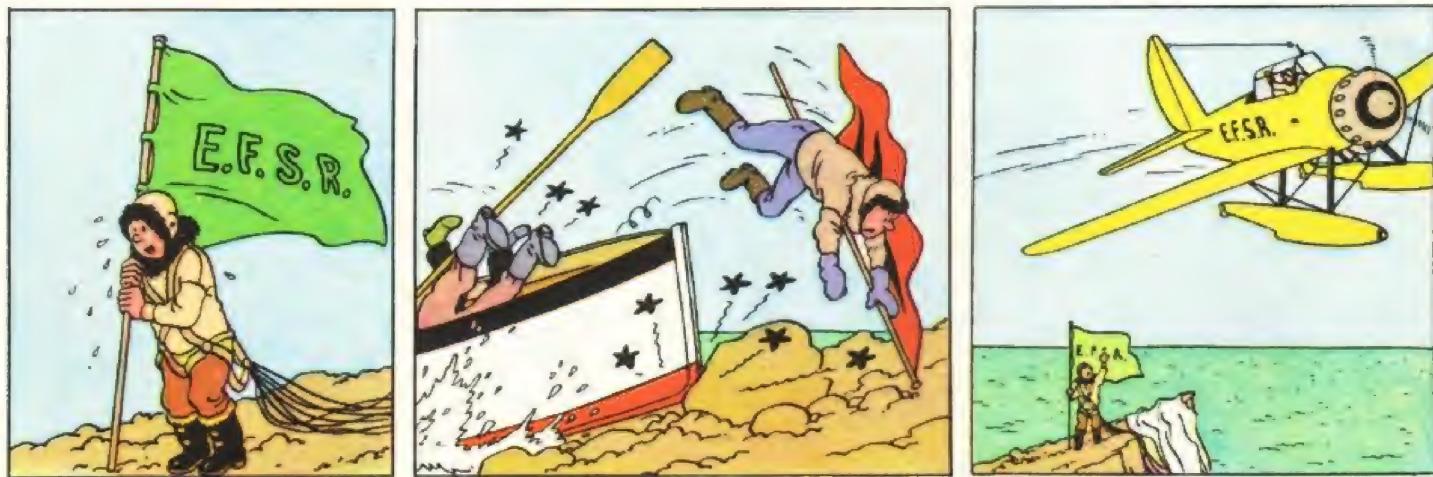


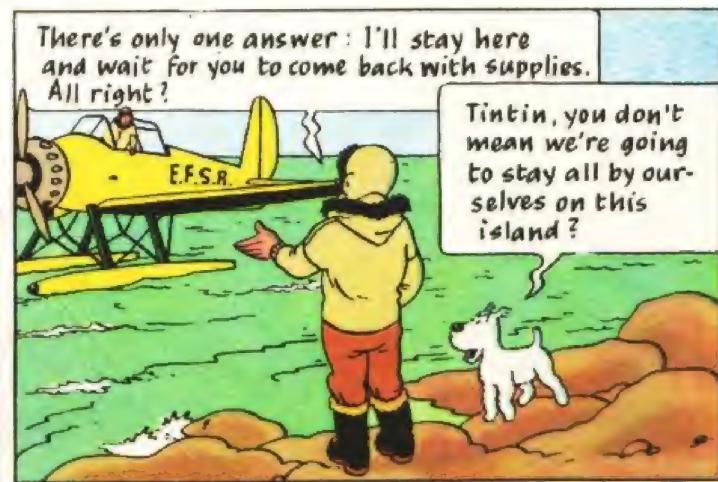
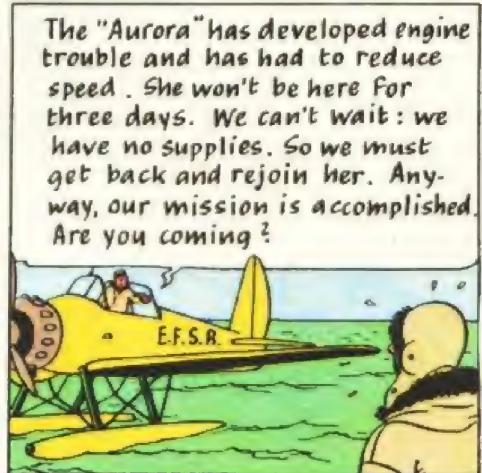
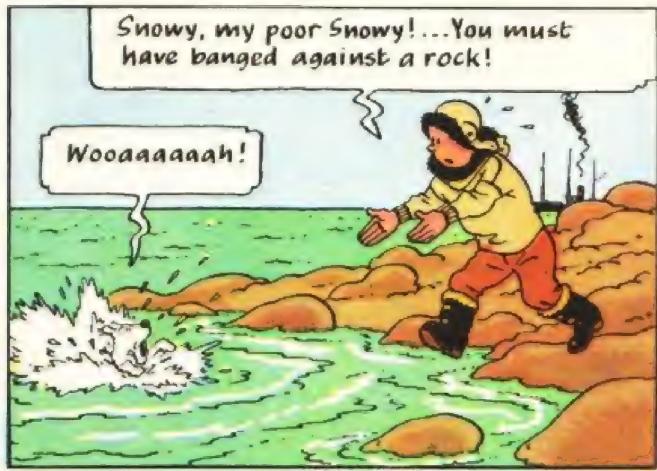
Yes... they're just lowering a boat...

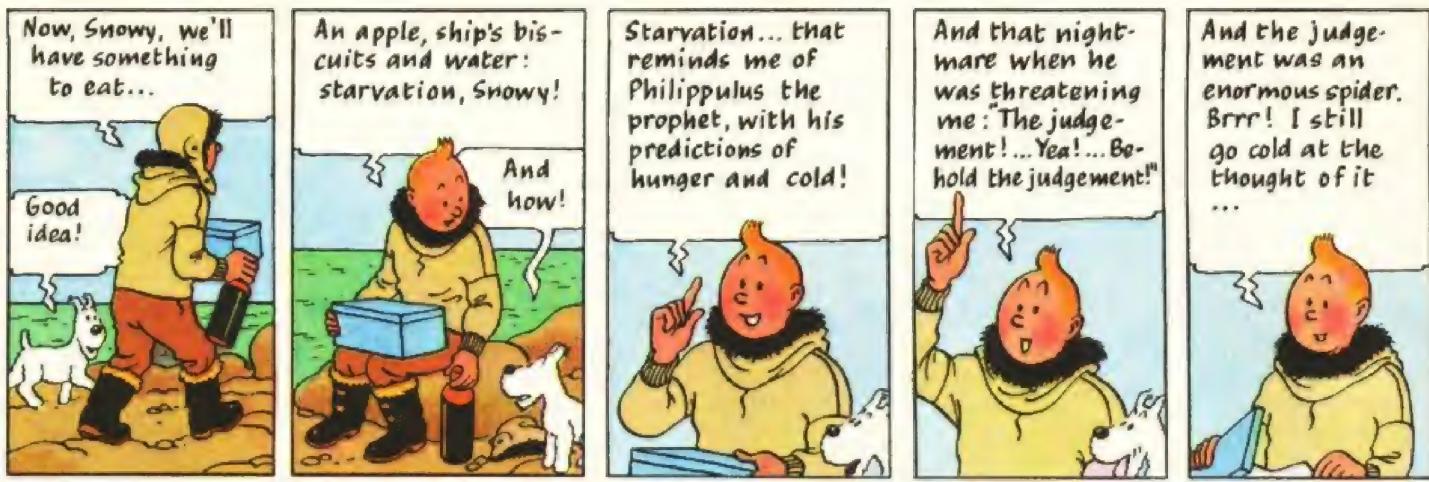


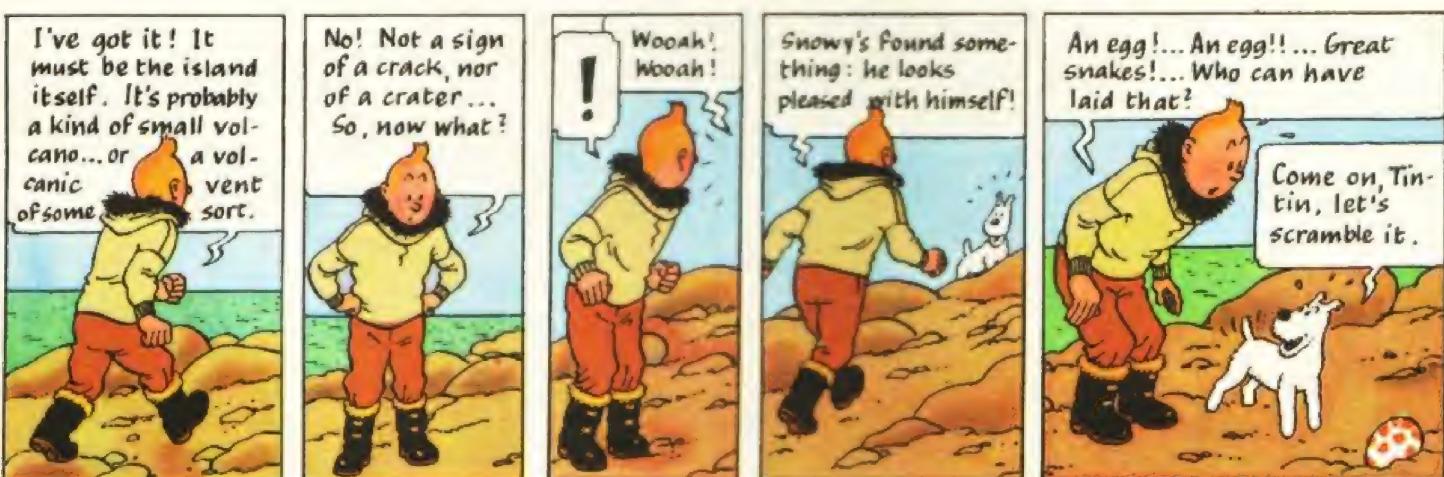


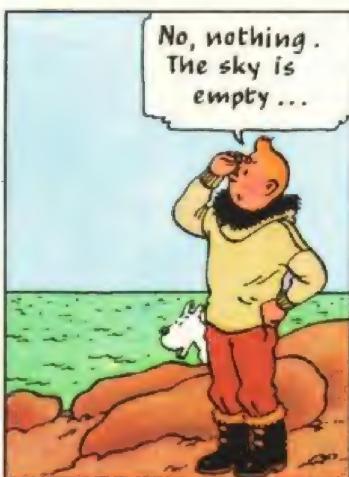
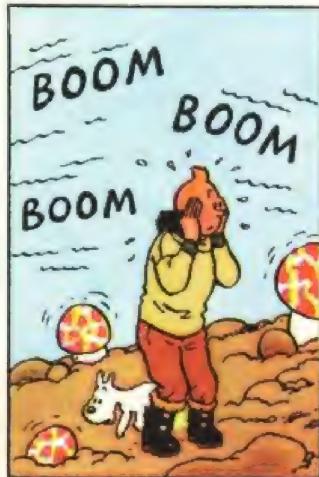
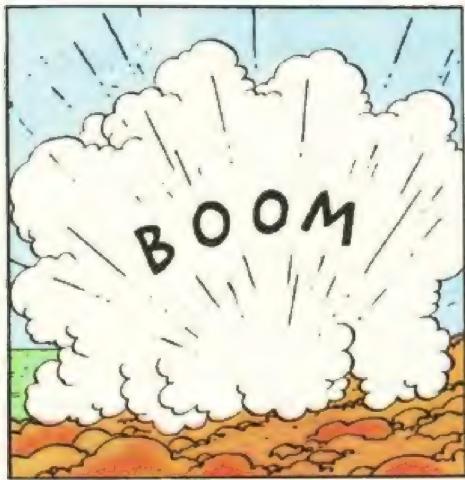






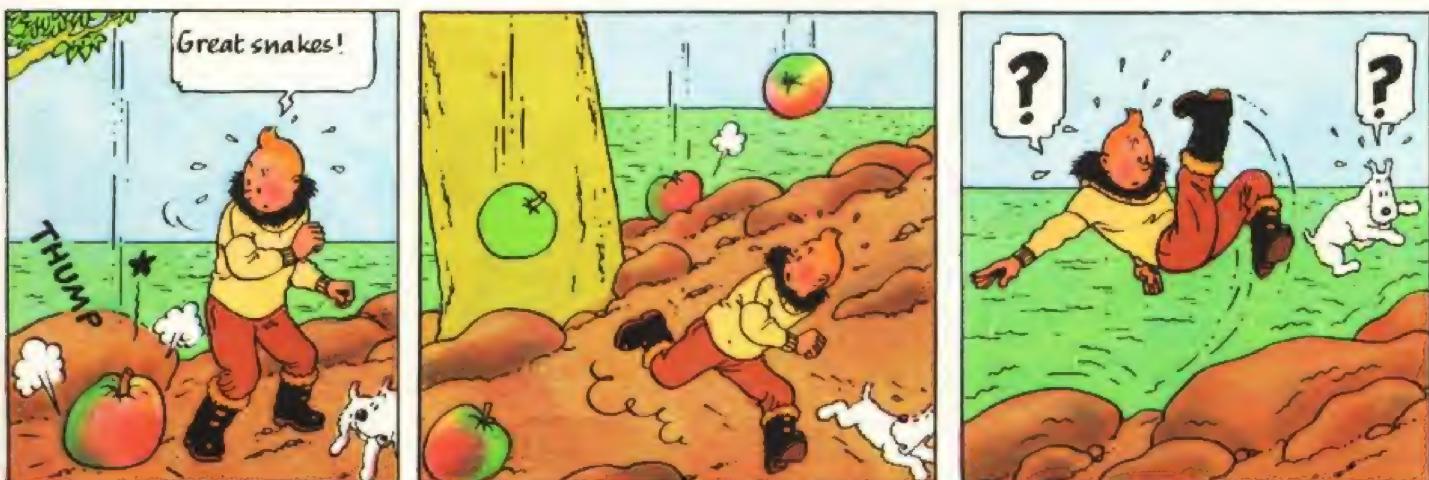
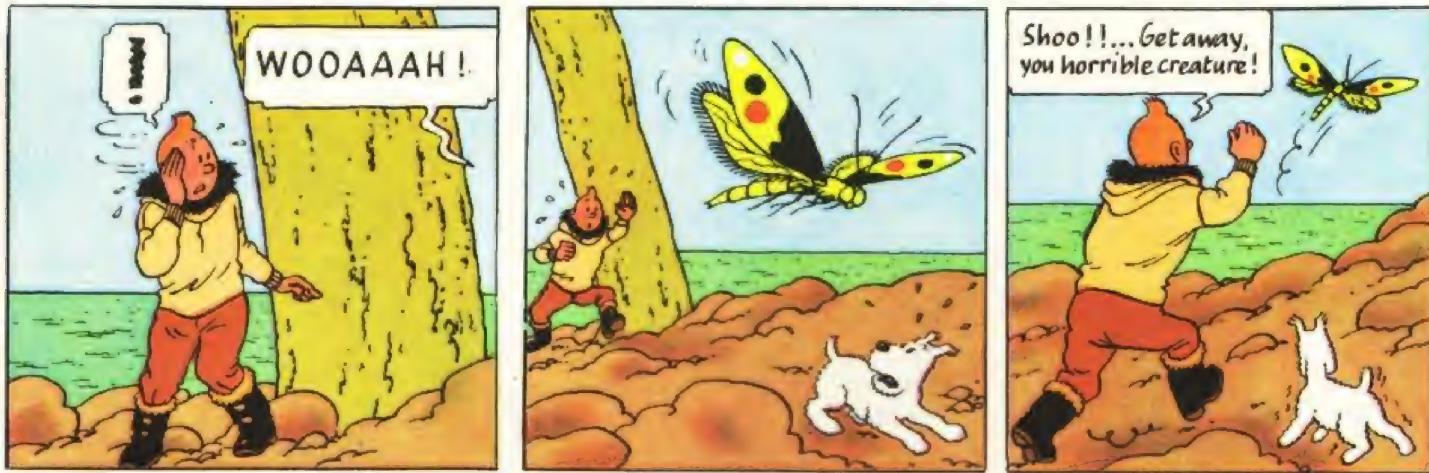


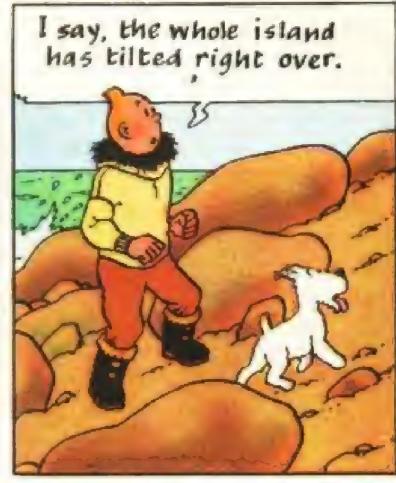
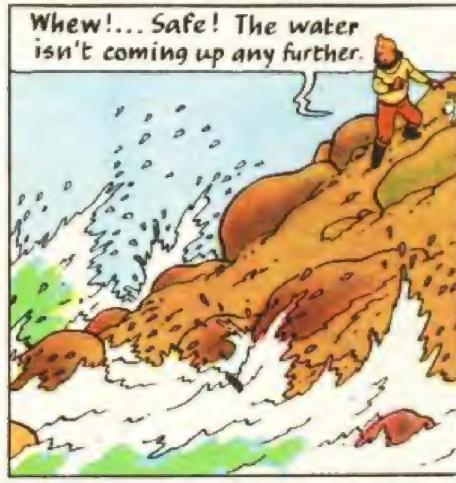
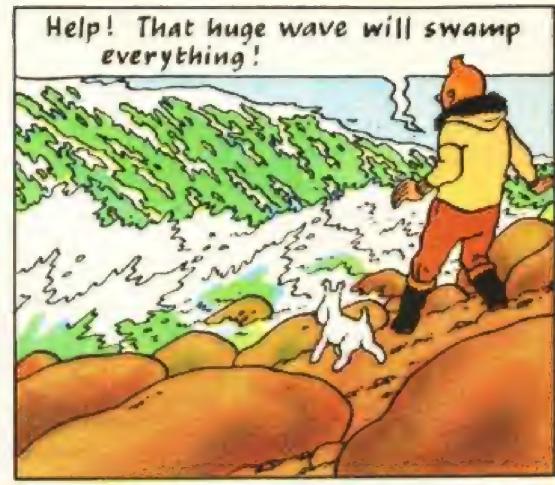
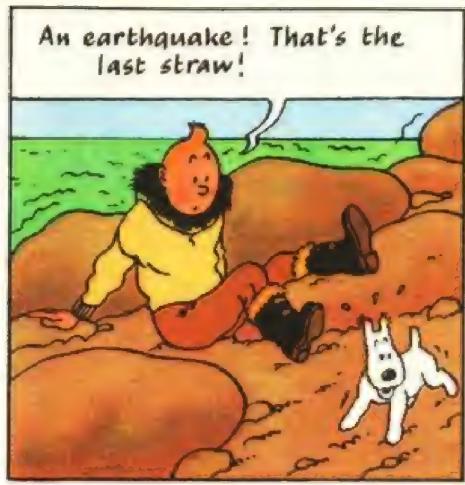


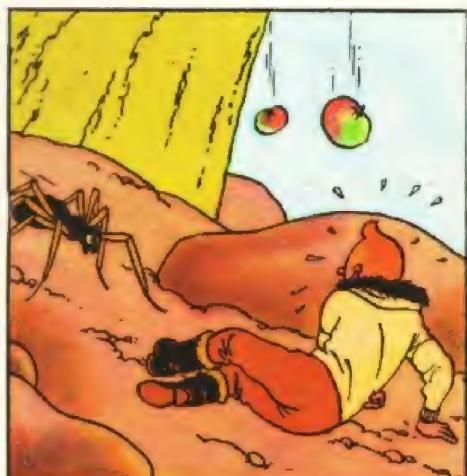
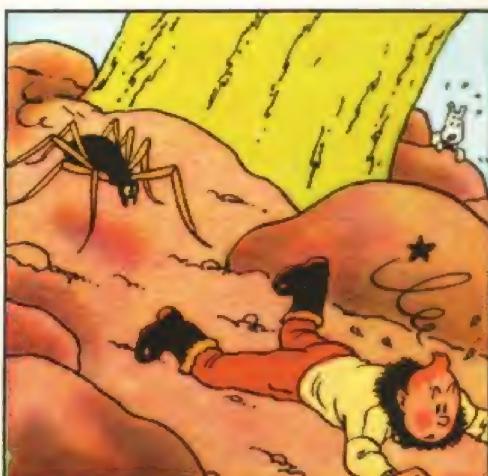
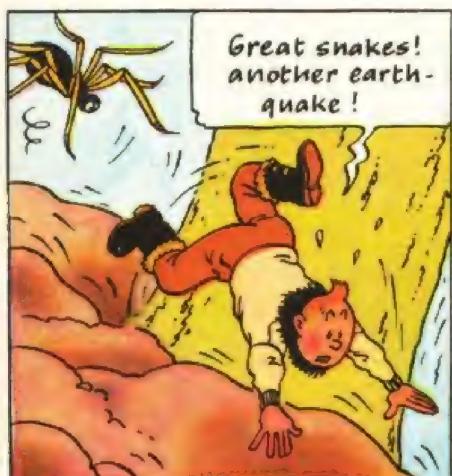
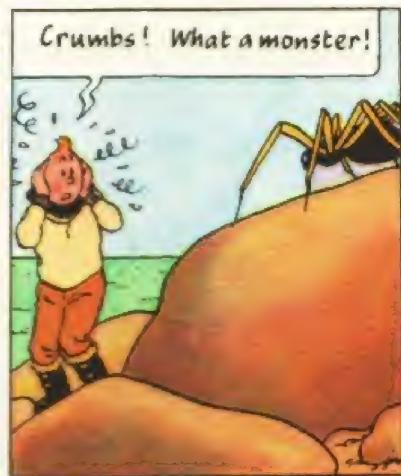


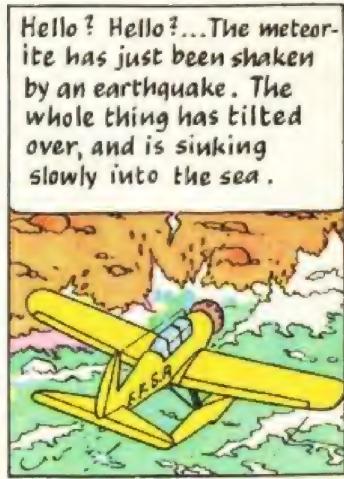
I'm keeping an eye open in case the tree blows up too.











What did you say?... An earthquake?... The meteorite is sinking?... What about Tintin? Where is he?

We're losing the meteorite?



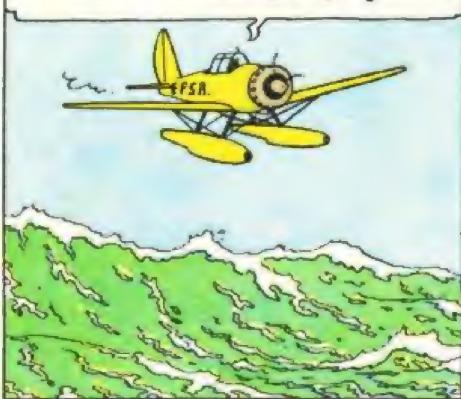
Can't see him... Oh, yes... He's lying at the foot of an enormous tree, quite still. The water will soon reach him.



Try to land!... Tintin must be saved!



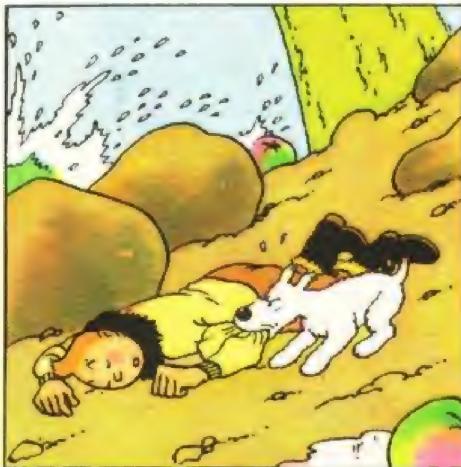
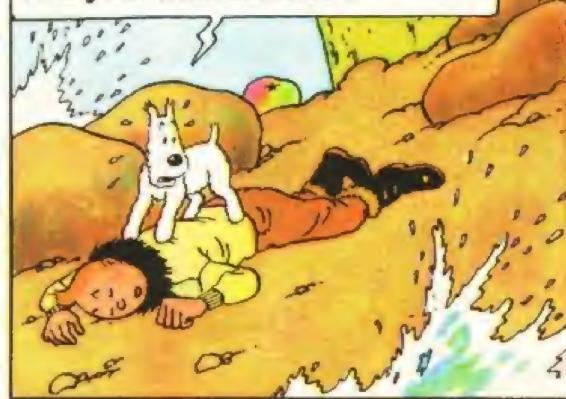
Impossible to get down, Captain. The sea's absolutely raging!



Tintin!... Tintin!... Wake up!

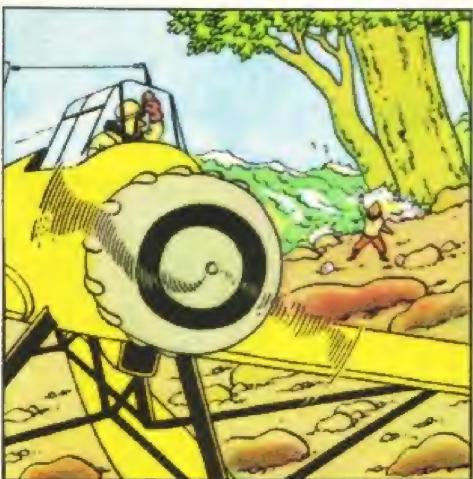
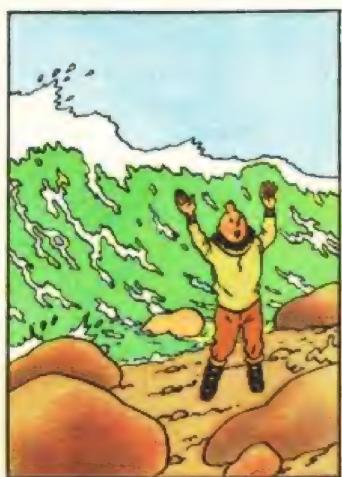


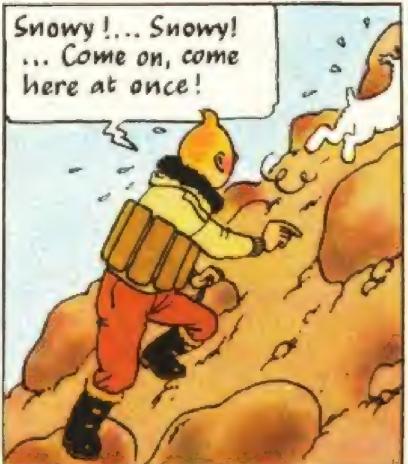
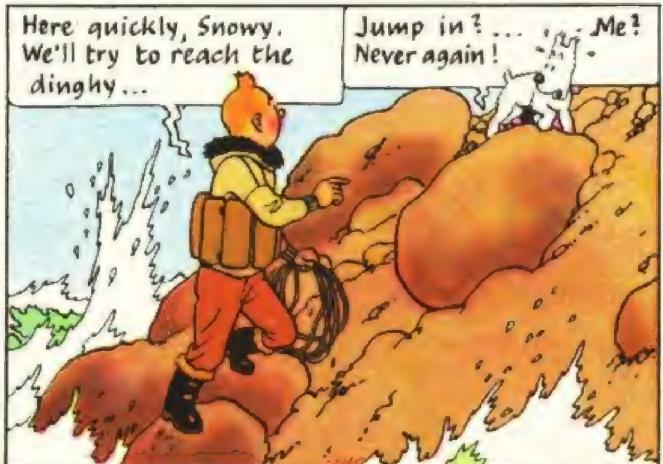
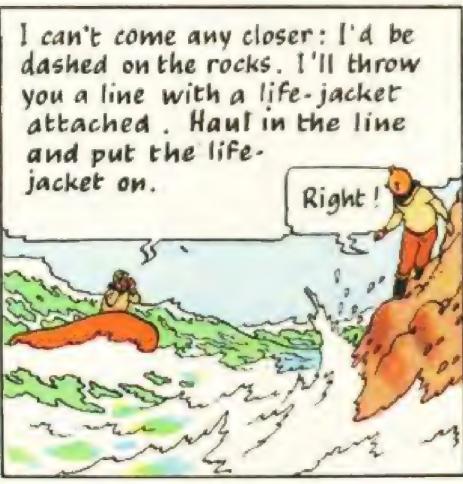
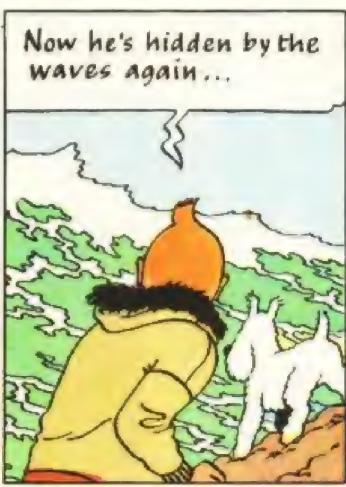
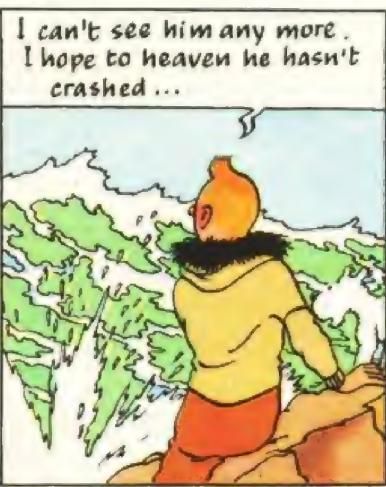
Not a flicker. And the water's still rising!... What can I do?

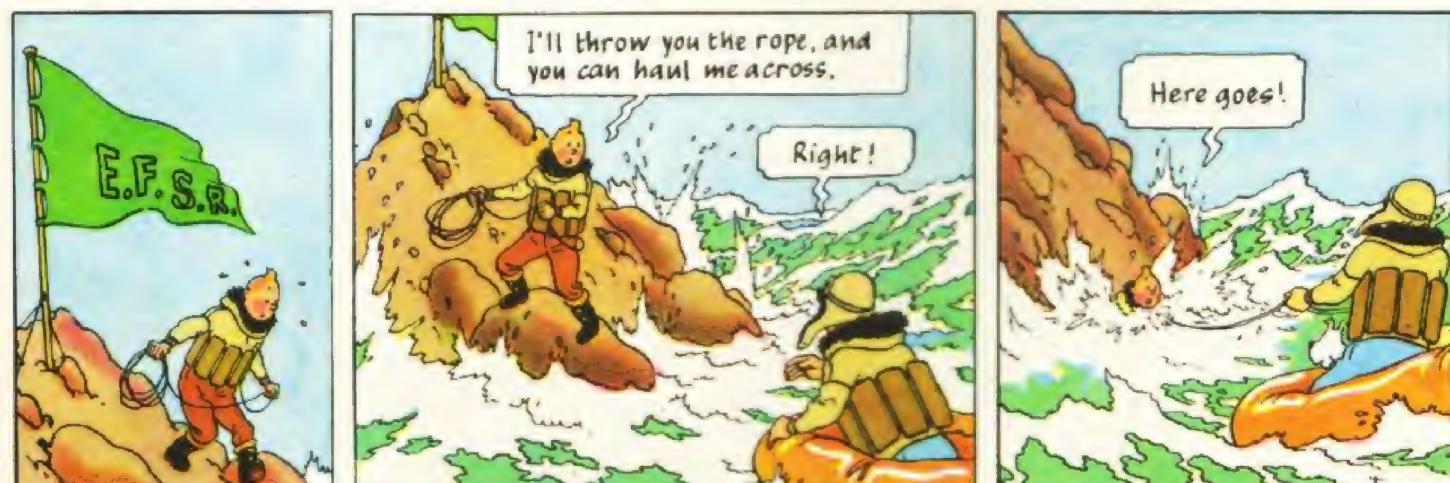
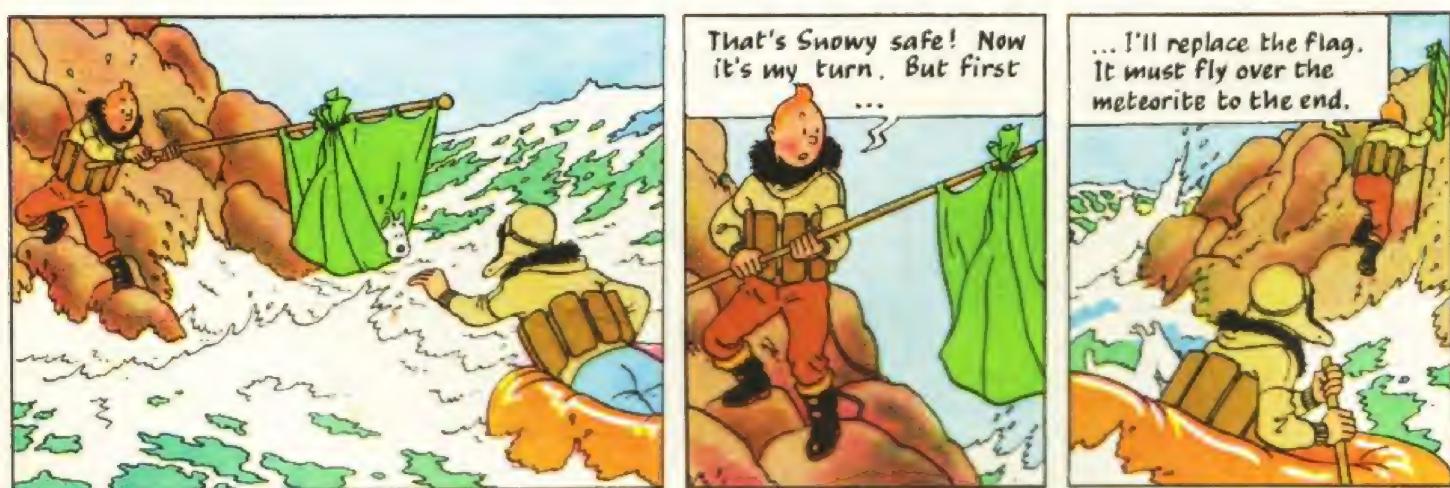


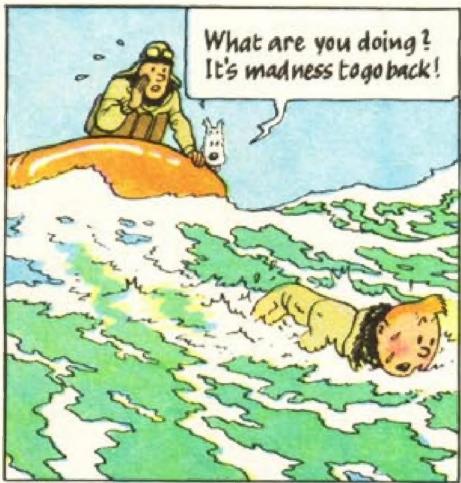
It's no good!... But he simply must come round!

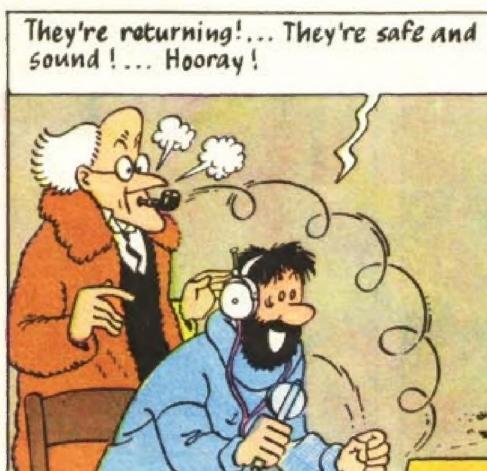
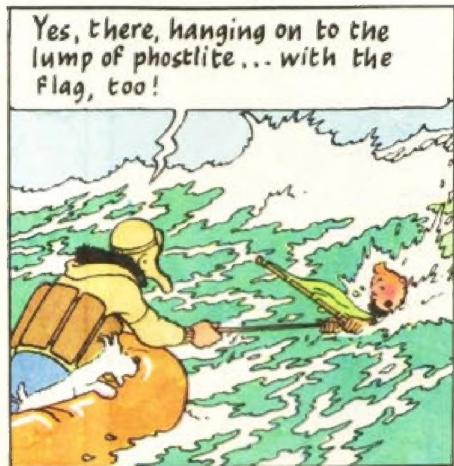


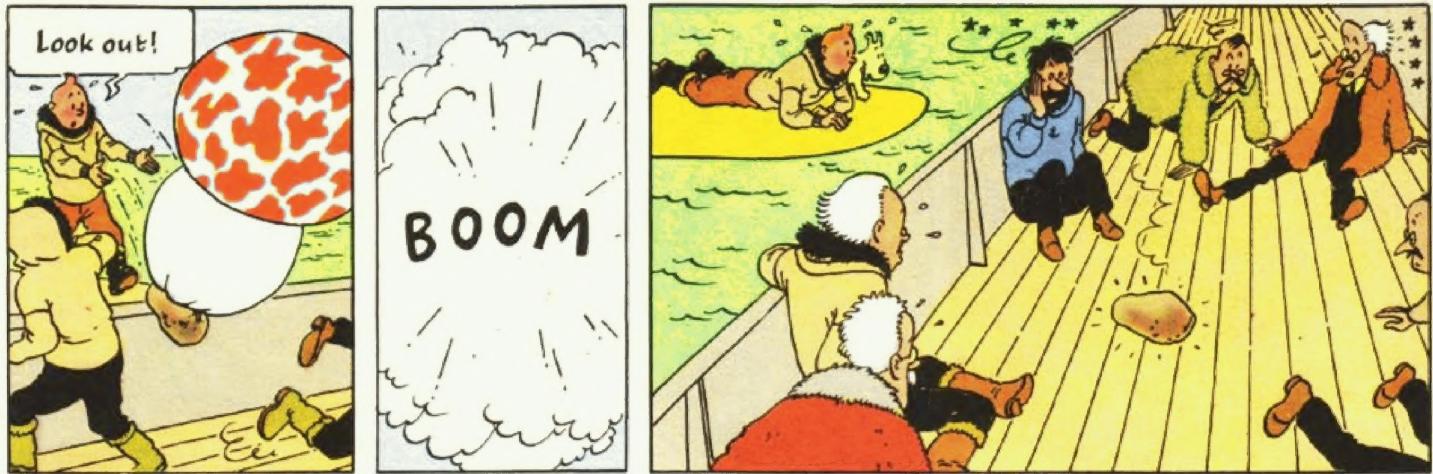












Some weeks later...

The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves — probably as a result of some underwater upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment...

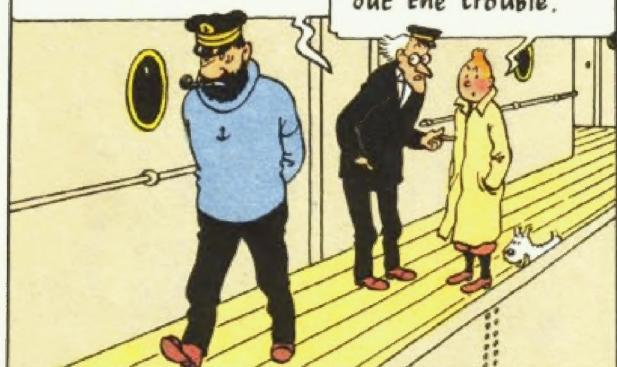
...when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.

It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.



Have you noticed how preoccupied the Captain has been lately?

Yes, I'll try to find out the trouble.



What's up, Captain? ... Is something the matter?



LAND HO!
LAND HO!



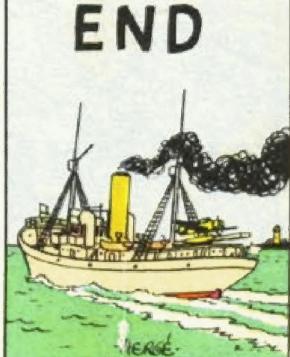
Thundering typhoons!
Land...and about time, too!

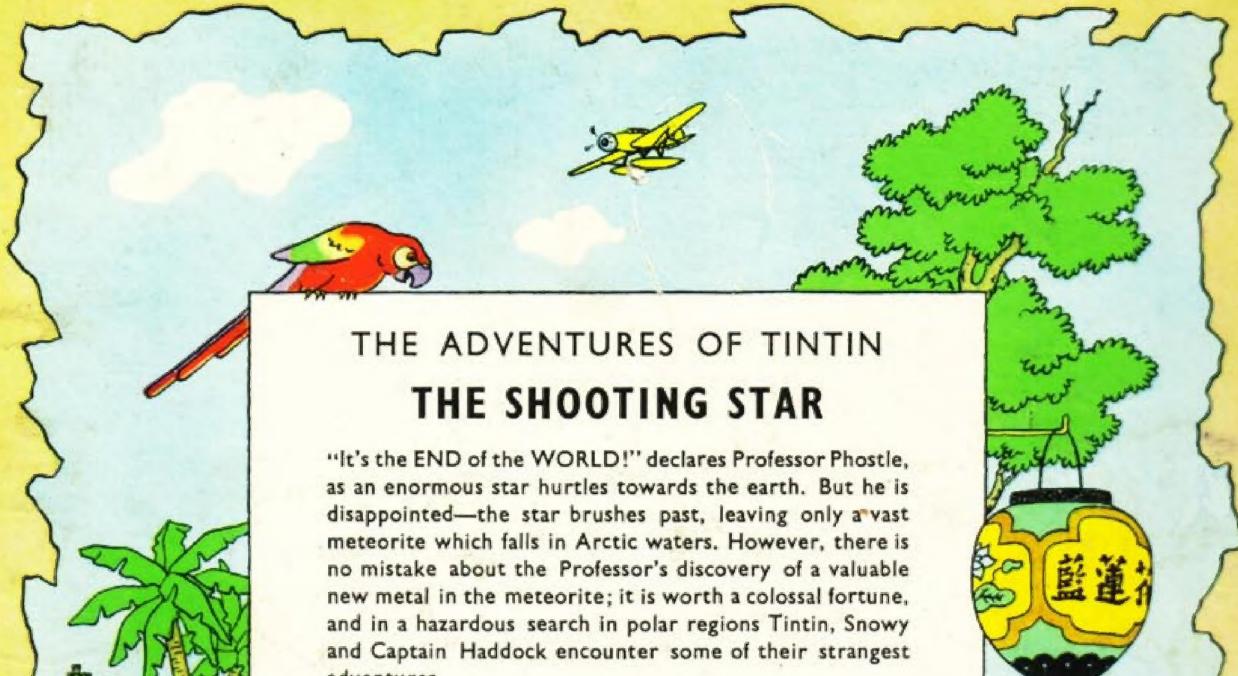


Worse than that!...
We're out of whisky!!



THE
END





THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN THE SHOOTING STAR

"It's the END of the WORLD!" declares Professor Phostle, as an enormous star hurtles towards the earth. But he is disappointed—the star brushes past, leaving only a vast meteorite which falls in Arctic waters. However, there is no mistake about the Professor's discovery of a valuable new metal in the meteorite; it is worth a colossal fortune, and in a hazardous search in polar regions Tintin, Snowy and Captain Haddock encounter some of their strangest adventures.

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(Tintin film books)

TINTIN AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE
TINTIN AND THE BLUE ORANGES

